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SALTPETRE IN UTAH.

After extensive prospecting all over Nevada and Utah, Mr. Ernest H. Price, late of this city, in company with several other gentlemen, recently succeeded in discovering extensive saltpetre beds near the Pleasant Valley Railroad, about eighty miles from Salt Lake City. Specimens of this product were brought up to this city, and yesterday Dr. J. B. Whittier, of the firm of Hardy, Ayers & Co., manufactured from it a small quantity of blasting powder, which, after several severe tests, proved its purity and strength. Dr. Whitter claims that this is the first powder ever made from saltpetre found in the United States, and its discovery in Utah adds another source of untold wealth to her already varied and valuable resources.

The above is from a recent number of the Ogden *Dispatch*. It is surprising that the deposit referred to should have remained so long unclaimed and unworked. The existence of saltpetre in that locality has been known for a number of years to some of the early mining men of Utah. If, as reported, these beds recently found are of considerable extent, their value is very great. Saltpetre is consumed in such enormous quantities that the market can hardly be overstocked. It brings a good price, too, something like eight cents per pound in bulk.

Saltpetre was discovered in Utah, in the vicinity of that deposit described by the *Dispatch*, as early as 1776. In that year Padre Escalante organized an expedition in the city of Mexico for the conversion of the northern Indian tribes. The party was composed of priests and traders. They traversed portions of what are now Utah and Nevada. On the return of the expedition to Mexico Escalante published a journal of their travels. A copy of the original MS. is in the Congressional library at Washington. A translation of a portion of that MS. appeared in "Simpson's Explorations in Utah," published in 1859. This extract shows that Escalante's party found saltpetre in Utah over one hundred years ago:

"To the south and southwest of Lake Tinpanogo (Lake Utah) there are two wide valleys, full of pasture, and with plenty of water. To one of these reaches the lake, and next to the latter is a large piece of the valley strongly impregnated with saltpetre."

It is remarkable that in Escalante's work, published in the Spanish language at Mexico, there is no mention of the saltpetre discovery. There is a copy of the book in Bancroft's Pacific Coast Library in San Francisco. A careful perusal of the work about six months ago disclosed the fact that the passage relating to saltpetre had been omitted. The priests probably dreaded the rush of adventurers which would follow the publication of news of mineral discoveries. It is said to have been their policy to discourage mining, and to suppress in all works published under their sanction any mention of valuable minerals.

TIME FOR ACTION.

Every night for the last month Reno has been full of drunken Indians of both sexes, particularly drunken squaws. The favorite snoring grounds for these poor creatures are the neighborhood of the Pavilion and between there and Chinatown. A moment's reflection will show the terrible evil of getting the Indians drunk and letting them lie about the streets. There should be no part of Reno where ladies would meet with such shameful sights, and the youths of the place, who are allowed only too much liberty, should not have the opportunity of associating with drunken mahalas. A quiet and effective solution of the business would be to drive every copper colored beggar from the town at sunset, as was done two years ago. There would be no hardship in such a practice, as the Indians lie out of doors when they are permitted to stay; and the sagebrush is more healthy than shrubbery. After one or two clubbings there would be no resistance. There is very little danger of any one giving an Indian whiskey in the day time, and even if they should take it out to an Indian camp it would be better than to have it given them in the town limits. It might be that the board would be prevented by the constitution from passing an ordinance to the purpose, but if the officers made it their business to drive the Indians out, they would be supported by the community.

THE GATE CITY.

Reno might very aptly be termed the Gate City of Nevada, as Atlanta, Georgia, is of a vast extent of territory in the South. Reno stands where every one entering the Great Basin from the west must pass directly through her limits, as all the country north, as far as the Oregon line, and west to the summit of the Sierras, south to the Comstock, the capital, and the Colorado, and east along the overland and branching out from it, drains directly toward the funnel formed by the canyon of the Truckee, at the outer edge of which stands our beautiful little city.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There was some talk recently of a wagon road being built from the seminary through to the English mill. Such an avenue would be an immense addition to the town. It would run along the brow of the hill and afford a lovely view of Reno and the green meadows east, south and west of it, with the Truckee river shining through the cottonwoods for several miles above and below. No one would have an idea how really handsome Reno is until they get a view of it from some elevation, such as they would have on the drive talked of. A good wide street entirely surrounding the town crossing the river twice would be very fine and would if once opened never be dispensed with. The city of Denver has such a drive and is becoming every day more famous by reason of this and other beauties.

There is little doubt but that the Conkling-Sprague scandal covers all that the name implies. They have been the laughing stock in Washington for two years. When Mrs. Sprague was Mrs. Chase, and lived in Columbus, Ohio, she indulged in an escapade or two which revealed her true character. The marriage with Sprague excited a great deal of comment, and many predicted a speedy termination of the union. The scandal has illuminated Conkling's overweening vanity and self-conceit so effectually as to remove him from all danger of being struck by Presidential lightning, and in that way has done the country some service.

The Carson *Tribune* is developing a rich vein of obituary poetic talent, and it cannot be long before the New York *Sun* will direct the attention of G. Washington Childs, A. M., to the fact that he has a formidable rival on the Pacific coast. As a mortuary poet the writer of the subjoined may occupy a higher niche in the Temple of Fame than that which the In Memoriam bard of Philadelphia has carved for himself:

"Earth could not hold so frail a flower,
Though loved ones bid her stay;
In spirit land's elysian bower,
She chants the angelic lay."

A more beautiful image than that of the frail flower chanting the angelic lay in the elysian bower of the spirit land never appeared in that column of the *Ledger* which is sacred to the memory of the dead.

The opinions of the local press of Eureka in regard to the affair at Fish Creek appear in another column. There are two sides to the story. There can only be one opinion in regard to the high-handed action of the coal burners in interfering with the business of other men. But for a posse of officers to fire into a crowd, unless in self-defense, is a proceeding that deserves severe censure. The coal burners labor under the disadvantage of being foreigners, and their versions of the matter will probably be conflicting. Until the whole affair shall have been thoroughly ventilated it will be too early to denounce anybody. But it looks wrong to see eight well armed officers firing into the thick of a crowd before themselves had received a scratch.

A month or two ago some newspaper published in an out of the way corner, let in a gleam of light on Kalloch, the Workingmen's nominee for mayor of San Francisco, and recommended the S. F. journals to peruse the back files of Boston papers. The *Chronicle* was quick to take the hint, and has evidently had those old Boston papers looked into, for a few days ago it published a most damaging review of the career of the Rev. I. S. Kalloch, quoting some paragraphs from the Boston papers to prove that Kalloch was extremely wicked for a preacher during his stay at the Hub.

There are indications of an effort in Nevada to bring about changes in the constitution, similar to those in California. The feeling in central Nevada is very bitter against corporations of all kinds, particularly the railroad, and no man can be elected to the next legislature from there, who is not a red hot anti-corporation man. Politicians of the new school are biding their time and watching the progress of events in California very closely. When they get their cards fixed there will be the biggest effort ever made in this state to stir up a new constitution party.

The Rev. Otis Gibson testified before the Congressional Labor Committee that the Chinamen of San Francisco spend "as much for their living—their actual food—as white men." Now in saying such a thing, it is very hard to believe that the Rev. Otis Gibson thought he was telling the truth. The idea that a Chinaman's food, consisting of boiled rice and scraps of pork, should cost as much as the staple articles of an American's dinner, is simply ridiculous.

News from Memphis is to the effect that the yellow fever is holding its own. The authorities are making efforts to isolate the infected houses. It is stated that in those localities where attempts to disinfect vaults, etc., were made early in the summer the disease is the worst. The efforts at purification were begun too late in the summer. It is probable that the pestilence will not be stayed until the coming of the frost.

New York brickmakers got up a corner in bricks by suspending their manufacture along the Hudson last winter and spring, when prices were low and sales dull. Prices have risen in consequence to $6 50 per thousand. Sensible brickmakers. If everyone of them had worked like a slave all the time prices would be below cost and they would make less than by shutting off the surplus supply.

The Zulu war which was thought not long since to have practically ended has broken out again. Cetewayo is still unconquered and has a large and well armed force under him. It has proved a most humiliating and expensive war for the British and will have the effect of changing very much the English policy of colonization.

The Americans won the cricket match against the Canadians at Ottawa on the 20th inst., by five wickets. If Americans keep winning in all the "international" athletic contests, it will not be long before they achieve as great a reputation for muscle as they once had for brag.

It is said that Daily, the champion swimmer of this coast, is going to New York to make a match with Webb. Daily is a large powerful man, well-known to bathers at Santa Cruz, where he has saved many lives at the risk of his own.

There is something rotten in the state of California. And something rotten in the municipal government of San Francisco, when the bloated carcass of a dead dog can lie on a leading thoroughfare like California street for three days, after the authorities have been repeatedly notified of its presence there.

Mrs. Nellie Sartoris will doubtless be very much surprised when she receives the late American papers to find that her supposed demise occupied but very little space in them. Her obituary notices were brief and to the point.

The S. F. *Chronicle* doesn't give its readers much else to read just now than "Pinafore Perkins" poetry, and descriptions of the terrors of Calabassas. By the way, what an excellent advertisement that Calabasas Land company is getting—and free too.

Virginia street suffered by incorporation. A big well box covers half the sidewalk on Cookes' corner, and the unsightly stairway on the west side makes it look like a street in Chinatown.

"It is whispered," says the *Appeal*, "that the North Carson mine will start up with a considerable force." Better keep quiet about it and start easy, so as not to disturb the stock market too much.

We are indebted to neighbor Ward for the Plumas county great register, printed in the *National* office. It contains 1629 names and is gotten up in a neat and workmanlike manner.

It is remarked that the air of Bodie is so stimulating that many people who came to the camp on wheels prefer to walk when they go away.

Romantic Tale of a Prince.

From the Boston Traveler.

A romantic tale, how true we cannot say, is told of the late Prince Imperial, which serves to explain the unusual grief betrayed by the royal family at the untimely death of the young Napoleon. The Prince, so goes the story, was passionately in love with the Princess Beatrice, and at a ball one memorable night, in the interval between the dances she said: "I had rather see you on a battle field than in a quadrille." Her wish was law to him, and to the battle field he went to prove his devotion. On parting with the Queen she placed a diamond ring upon his finger, and it may be that he then revealed his heart's secret. When at length the news came that fair scion of a noble house had been slain by the savage assegai, the Princess was overcome with grief and remained long insensible, while Victoria's visit to the Empress was marked by the most profound tokens of sorrow. The Prince of Wales said of the murdered Napoleon: "I loved him as a brother." There is much to corroborate the story which, if true, will cast only deeper regard over the memory of one whose life was so full of promise, and, alas, was blighted so soon.

The Coldest Town.

Jakutsk, East Siberia, is supposed to be the coldest of towns. From November to February the thermometer ranges from 42 degrees to 68 degrees below zero, and the neighboring river is solid ice for nine months of the year. Yet it is a place of considerable business.

LABOR IS KING.

One of the great evils of the times is the disinclination to labor with the hands. The false and pernicious notion that business pursuits and the professions are more respectable than mechanical occupations, is doing infinite mischief. The youth of this country are growing up with this mischievous idea in their heads. They all want to become clerks, storekeepers, doctors, lawyers or ministers. Farming is thought too laborious, the trades all too hard or too dirty ways of making a living. Hence it is that to-day the professions are all overcrowded, that there are five times too many doctors and lawyers for the needs of the population. For this reason the large towns and cities are overrun with unemployed clerks, that for every vacant clerkship in a mercantile house, there are a hundred applicants. The boy of the period doesn't want to learn a trade. Farming is not to his mind. Looking for some congenial occupation, he grows up in idleness, and too often, before he reaches maturity, the devil claims him for his own.

For this existing bad state of things what is the cause and what the remedy? There can be no doubt that parents are usually responsible for this prevailing distaste for what are called the industrial pursuits. A false sentiment is at the root of the whole trouble. Many men who have by hard labor and economy secured an independence, wish to see their sons engaged in what they foolishly think some higher occupation than that in which the father made a success. The fitness of the son is not considered in choosing for him an occupation. Many a man of fine mechanical ability has wasted his life in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the practice of medicine. Men who would have succeeded as farmers or mechanics, have made failures in business for which they had no liking and no capacity. Everyone can call to mind scores of instances to illustrate this truth for himself.

No man should be judged by his occupation, but by his worth and merit as a man. An honest, intelligent farmer is a hundred times more respectable than a shyster lawyer, quack doctor, or reverend blockhead. It is true that force of intellect is, and always will be, more honored among mankind than physical force. But there is as much room for the exercise of brains in farming and in mechanics, as in the so-called higher occupations. Civilization has not attained its marvelous advancement by the efforts of the professional men. The mechanics, the inventors, the men who made the ships, the steam engines, the looms, the locomotives; the sowers of wheat and corn, the miners, sailors, printers; the mechanics again, in short, have made the world what it is to day. The dignity of labor is not an empty phrase, but a living truth. The producers are the salt of the earth, the creators of wealth; all other classes of men simply minister to their wants. Then away with this nonsense about something higher than labor. Let every young man select that occupation for which he is best fitted, and put all his brains and energy into it, and there will be fewer failures, less vice and crime and pauperism in the world.

Tattooing Their Legs.

From a New York Paper.

The rage for tatooing their legs, which is said to be the latest mania among some English ladies of the "upper classes," is hardly likely to last long. As soon as its existence becomes popularly known the female pedestrians and the ladies of the opera bouffe are sure to adopt it, and not only to adopt it, but to so tatoo their initials, crosses, and other favorite devices that these adornments can be easily distinguished during public performances. Then the tatooing process among those who now indulge in it will receive a check.

POST MORTEM JEALOUSY.

A Young Widow Finds a Rival Decorating Her Husband's Grave.

From an Eastern Paper.

Elias Lipsis, a brother of the late Adah Isaac Menken, was a variety show manager in San Francisco. He had a wife, known on the stage as Carrie Wilson, and when he committed suicide last spring she had his remains handsomely buried in Laurel Hill cemetry. A few days ago she went with some flowers to decorate his grave, and was astonished to find that a young woman had placed an elaborate floral cross over the remains of her husband. The widow demanded an explanation, and the other introduced herself as Rose Evans, saying that Lipsis had loved her much more than he did his wife. There was, of course, a violent quarrel, in which each accused the other of driving Lipsis to take his own life. The widow asserted her exclusive right to decorate the grave, and Rose did not dispute it, but withdrew after triumphantly showing a letter in which Lipsis had written to her: "I am not in the best of spirits, my wife arrived this noon from Virginia City, and I have had hell. Now, my darling, don't think less of me on account of her returning, for I swear to you, my darling, that I love only you, and to lose you would break my heart." A few days later it was observed that Rose was keeping a fresh mound, in another part of the cemetry, covered with flowers, and an investigation showed that she had hired a sexton to remove the coffin, leaving an empty grave for the widow to decorate.

Grant, Conkling, and Sherman.

From the London Times.

For years Conkling has been the Republican master of New York, but there are indications that Sherman may desire to contest it, unless some arrangement favorable to himself can be made with the New York Senator. Conkling is a candidate for President, and will get the New York support in any event. But the New York vote will not carry a Republican National Convention in 1880 any more than it did in 1876, and Conkling's nomination, therefore, being another "highly improbable event," the great question is to whom will the New York support go after Conkling. In New York politics Conkling interest and Grant interest are identical. As things now are, Conkling would hand over the State to Grant if he could not get the prize himself; and this is just what the Secretary of the Treasury does not want to happen. Heretofore Conkling has been made master of New York through the powerful agency of the New York Custom House, wherein his henchmen, gathered from all parts of the State, swarmed. Now Sherman rules the New York Custom House, and paralyzes it as a machine to help Conkling or Grant, and Conkling's anxiety is lest it may be used to overthrow him in New York State.

A Drunken Town.

From the Little Rock Gazette.

Last night the city reporters, the Chief of Police, the city Collector, and Officer Adams went over to Argenta, Arkansas, to investigate the condition of affairs in town. After landing, the party had not proceeded far up the main street when a dark object lying on the ground attracted attention. The lowering of a lantern developed the fact that we had found our first drunken man. After leaving No. 1 no other signs of live or dead drunkenness were met until the party arrived at the depot. There lay Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, and, in fact so many that, as this is not a mathematical article, it would be useless to enumerate them. From the depot we went to Baran's hotel. On the ground, on the platform, in the back yard, everywhere, lay men in drunken sleep. Men not yet drunk jocularly passed among them to the bar and drank of the poison.

Founded a Temperance Society.

Major Hubbell and Capt. Smith spent a night in drunkenness at Goshen, Ind., and on the following morning awoke with aching heads, and heartily ashamed of the exhibition they had made of themselves. The captain proposed suicide, and the major said that the idea was excellent. They bought a bottle of morphine, drank it, and died. The affair gave the local total abstinence society an opportunity, which they improved by

A CANDID LETTER.

A very interesting letter from a Southern lady was laid upon our table this week. In answer to questions as to matters in that country she says: "Politically our country is not so bad as represented. There is no excitement, no trouble between the blacks and whites. If we desire it we can have their labor just the same as we did when we owned them. It is hard to get the truth from the politicians of either party. The Okalona states is not good authority. Ben Hill is a fraud, but Bob Toombs is much loved and respected. Politicians here often use very doubtful means to carry their points. I think one-fourth of the number could carry on the government better than those who live off us now; one party here is no better than the other according to numbers, and I sometimes wonder that God permits such wickedness at the hands of our rulers, and our swindling machine of a government. There are poverty and economizing, but no suffering. The country is old and worn out, and too many are following the same occupation. While we are fondly attached to our homes, we think that a removal to a new country would be to our financial advantage; and many have decided upon going West, and others are examining the advantages of other states."

DE YOUNG'S MURDEROUS ATTACK.

Had a man of good character been assailed as DeYoung was by Kalloch, the shooting last Saturday would have found many defenders. But DeYoung, or the *Chronicle* of which he is one of the proprietors, has fed upon slander and fattened upon calumny. The fair fame of many a man and woman has been blackened by its attacks. The deadly insult which Kalloch offered to the mother and sisters of the DeYoungs is evidence of the kind of man Kalloch is. No man with the instincts of a gentleman, much less a clergyman, could be guilty of publicly using the language Kalloch did. The popular and correct verdict is that Kalloch was rightly served. But for DeYoung there can be no justification. He deserves no sympathy and receives none. His paper on Friday morning attacked the private character of Kalloch's father, who is in his grave. Kalloch went further and insulted the mother of the DeYoung's. The difference between their attacks was only in degree, not in kind. Had a man of character been insulted as DeYoung was and wreaked the same vengeance, the popular verdict would have been different. But Kalloch and DeYoung are two of a kind. The one a false priest, the other the publisher of a blackmail sheet.

ANOTHER DEFAULTER.

A Central Pacific Official Charged With Embezzlement.

From the Ogden Dispatch of Monday.

About noon to-day a rumor gained circulation that Mr. J. F. Graham, cashier of the Central Pacific Railroad Company here, had been detected in defalcations amounting to $42,000. A *Dispatch* reporter at once repaired to the Central Pacific headquarters to ascertain particulars, but found the officers of the road exceedingly reticent about the affair, and was unable to learn anything further than the following:

For some time the managers of the Central Pacific Company have suspected that all was not right with freight matters here, and had quietly instituted an investigation, resulting in the discovery last Saturday evening of grave irregularities, seriously implicating Mr. Graham. This morning Hon. Thomas Marshal, the railroad company's attorney, was summoned here from Salt Lake and, after a few hours' consultation with the officers of the road, drew up a complaint, and notified United States District Attorney Percival J. Barrett, who caused the arrest of Mr. Graham, and he was taken before Commissioner McNutt for examination on the first charge—embezzlement of $12,304 67.

The accused waived examination, and was held to answer. His bonds were fixed at $20,000, and will probably be given during the evening.

Six Coal Burners Missing.

From the Eureka Sentinel of Sunday.

Six of the coal burners engaged in the Fish Creek fight are still missing. One of them is known to have been shot in the shoulder, and as he was mounted, managed to escape from the field. Of the missing men two belong to a family of six brothers, all of whom were engaged in the fight. The Italians since the affray have scoured the hills in search of them, but without success. A subscription was taken up in Eureka yesterday and men were hired to continue the hunt.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

The above obituary gem is culled from the columns of a Canadian exchange. The influence of G. Washington Childs, A. M., in journalism is becoming every day more marked. The beautiful custom of embalming the memory of the dead in undying verse, has in him its most illustrious conservator and its most brilliant follower. The above specimen from the gallery of Canadian mortuary poets, deserves a place side by side with that beautiful quotation that the GAZETTE recntly plucked from the Carson *Tribune*. The last line: "unbroken by the last of foes," is a most delicate allusion to the devil, and a most happy expression of the idea that is commonly rendered by the vulgar phrase, "being stirred up by the devil."

A copy of *Our Paper*, published at Oakland, owned and edited by Belle Lynch, has been received at this office. It is an eight page weekly, and eleven numbers of volume one have been issued. *Our Paper* devotes a column to a review of its local daily contemporaries, the *Times* and the *Tribune*. Those two staid journals are described after this fashion, in the style of "Jefferson Brick":

"The chatter of a toothless old hag, the drivelings of a Bedlamite, the pulings of an idiotic babe might be termed solid food for earnest meditation if the *Times* "editorial" can be said to contain a single iota of sense. As for the mush bucket of the *Tribune*, we may simply consider the source from which it is dumped, and cease to wonder that any man outside of the walls of the Napa Insane Asylum could have the idiotic hardihood to think that he can stuff such a vile compound down the throats of a comparatively sensible body of citizens."

A correspondent of the *Enterprise* recently complained that for several years the Government has given no aid to the Indians in the interior of Nevada. Formerly these Indians received help from the Interior Department. Now they are poverty-stricken and unaided. The *Silver State* remarks that the Humboldt county Indians have had no help from the Government since the settlement of the whites. On the other hand the Sioux and other warlike tribes, who are troublesome to the whites, get plenty of clothes and provisions from the Indian Bureau. Naches and other prominent Piutes have remarked this state of things, as they say the Government makes no provisions whatever for peaceable Indians, and they get neither blankets nor provisions until they go on the war path and commit depredations. The peaceful Piutes pine for war and Government blankets.

The Yankee Fork *Herald* frankly owns to a desire to write up the final farewell of the Sheep-eater Indians, some of whom are encamped on the Salmon river. These Indians have given the people of Idaho much trouble, and the *Herald* remarks, "an inclination on the part of some of the miners and prospectors to organize a party and go out to the camp of the Indians and request them to give themselves up, and if they refuse then kill the warriors and send the women and children to a reservation. If they remain long in the vicinity of the mines on the upper Salmon they will most assuredly be taken in, for our people are determined to take no more chances on these renegades."

Conrad Wiegand in the Virginia *Enterprise* says: It is possible to so treat silver in American legislation that *whatever* weight may be ordained as the weight of the American dollar, *that very weight* in every bar or coin throughout the world will be equal in value to a gold dollar." In the name of the great American people, we ask why are we robbed of eighty-five cents to buy silver to make a dollar, if we could have as good a one for five cents?

Duluth, Minn., where the old Iowa farmer said Jay Cooke was having a fight with God Almighty trying to build a town, is reviving rapidly. The Northern Pacific is progressing and all the Canadian Pacific R. R. freight goes through there. Every year several million bushels of wheat transfer from car to boat there. Duluth will some day be a great city.

The Italians of San Francisco have held an indignation meeting over the news of the shooting of the coal burners, and have appointed a committee to proceed to Eureka and investigate the Fish creek affair. They propose to see justice done their countrymen.

The *Silver State* says:

Stock raising and wool growing give employment, comparatively speaking, only to a few, and when mining ceases to be profitable in Nevada, and the state is devoted exclusively to those pursuits, it will, as Douglas once said of Vermont, "be a very good place to move away from."

What about alfalfa, wheat, barley, apples, berries and vegetables? What about the magnificent water power of the Carson and the Truckee? What about the groves of trees along our rivers? Nevada never will be devoted exclusively to stock raising and wool growing. We have seen fine crops of grain raised without irrigation, and where this is not possible, artesian wells will yield an unfailing supply. No one with a knowledge of western Nevada, at least, could say that there ever would be a time when this region would return to its pristine sagebrush.

The Republican papers which are working so hard to elect Clunie instead of Page, to Congress, will have the satisfaction of finding themselves unheeded by the voters of the second district. Page is just as certain of being elected as he ever was. The editor of a newspaper owes a duty to the public whom he serves, and private piques and personal spites should never be allowed to influence the advice a paper gives to its readers. Page has worked hard for his district, has never missed a vote on any important question, and is respected by all who know him. To send a man like Clunie to Congres, at a time like this, when perhaps the very life of the republic depends upon the complexion of the next Congress, would be both a foolish and criminal thing for Republicans to do.

The spectacle of that loving and devoted son defending the honor of his venerable gray haired mother, who the *Chronicle*, says is a most amiable person, by shooting preachers from behind curtained cab windows, is very touching. The first effort in the defending business cost the boys something, as Mike missed Napthaly and hit a boy in the leg. When they paid the doctors bill they took an oath that when anyone told the truth about their mother or sisters again, they would not run the risk of hitting the wrong man.

The Reno papers publish every day the names of persons who arrive in the village by rail, but they don't print lists of the persons who walk out by road. Haven't space enough, we suppose.—*San Francisco Stock Exchange.*

Respect for past, present, and prospective editors of the stock papers prevents.

Someone in the New York *Sun*, in reference to the recent shooting, pointedly asks: "Suppose Kalloch had resented the outrage on his dead father after the manner of De Young, what would the *Chronicle* have said? Would it not have denounced it as a cowardly attempt at murder?"

The yellow fever seems never so bad in the South as when the New York Associated Press agent gets short of news, after exhausting the editorial columns of the metropolitan. Then he falls back on the pestilence and trots out the skeleton of "Yellow Jack" in all its ghastly horrors.

W. B. Taylor, formerly of the Tybo *Sun*, and a member of the last Legislature, has become a convert to Dr. D'Unger's Cinchona Rubra cure for dipsomania. He writes to a friend in Reno that he has no desire for liquor of any kind, and on the contrary finds it impossible to drink it.

Kearney refuses to be talked of as mayor of San Francisco. He will take nothing short of United States Senator. He will be the successor of Newton Booth if his followers control the next legislature.

The Yankee Fork *Herald* is still out of printing paper, and turns up yellow again this week, having levied on the grocers for the wrapping paper on which it is printed.

John C. Cremony, a well-known author and journalist, died in San Francisco last Sunday evening.

The Modoc *Independent* has doubled its circulation under the management of Edwards.

The *Stock Exchange* calls the H. B. the coupe party.

BY TELEGRAPH.

SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.

All Quiet in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 25.—Everything was quiet throughout the city yesterday; no crowds assembled anywhere except in the vicinity of the Metropolitan Temple, where many remained to read half-hour bulletins concerning Kalloch's condition and discuss the subject which engrossed the attention of everybody. In the afternoon the Workingmen held a

MONSTER MASS MEETING

at the sand lot, which was addressed by Kearney and other leaders of the party, all denouncing the DeYoungs, but counseling moderation and forbearance so as not to injure the chance of carrying the election. In fact there was manifest a very noticeable desire to make political capital out of the affair. Kalloch's son addressed the crowd, advising against violent measures, but demanding that if DeYoung should not be executed by law, then that the Workingmen

HELP HIM TO KILL DE YOUNG.

Kalloch rested easily throughout the day and evening. This morning his condition had decidedly improved. The doctors say if inflamation don't set in, of which no signs are now visible, that there is good chance of recovery. Everything is going on as usual in the city this morning, and there are no signs of any unusual excitement.

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN NUGGET.

A Solid Lump of Gold—Large as a Leg of Mutton.

It was a solid mass of gold as large or larger than a leg of mutton, and not unlike one in shape. This was the mass which has since become known as the Welcome nugget. A fac simile of it may now be seen in the mineral department of the Boston Museum of Natural History, where the weight is given as 2166 ounces, and the value as $41,822 70. The further information is imparted that the nugget is the largest piece of gold ever found. This is an error. A larger nugget was found at Bendigo lead on February 9, 1869; it weighed 189 pounds and one ounce or 2269 ounces.

The Welcome nugget, large as it was, did not enrich the finders, for there were twelve shareholders in it, and it brought them less than £1000 each; it would have been a lucky find for a couple of mates. The man who dug it out fainted dead away before he unearthed it. When his pick first struck it he put forth his hand to pick up the lump; the light from his candle fell upon it and revealed its nature. To his surprise it did not yield to his touch; then he began to feel around it with his hands, and it grew in size under his exploring digits. He gave it a wrench but it did not budge. Seizing his pick, he began to dig around it, and as its true proportions grew under his eye, the spectacle overcame him, and he fainted from joy.

Russian Cruelty and Revenge.

Three Nihilists condemned to Siberian exile wished to marry, and fixed upon three girls of their political persuasion, who agreed to espouse and follow them to the place of their banishment. Marriages of this kind are tolerated by the laws of Russia, and the three convicts were wedded; but their sentence of banishment was immediately afterward changed into one of solitary confinement in the central prison of St. Petersburg. Upon learning this their wives sought and obtained audience of Nabokow, the Minister of Justice, whom they entreated to reverse the last decree, and to send their husbands, as at first determined, to Siberia, whither they could accompany them. Nabokow replied that he could not assume the responsibility of altering the modified sentence, and referred the three women to Mesenzew, the chief of the "Third Section" or secret police. To Mesenzew, therefore, they applied; but he angrily rejected their petition. As soon as this decision of Mesenzew was made known in Nihilist circles he was at once condemned to die as the most inveterate and dangerous enemy of "the cause," and three days later he perished by the hand of an assassin.

One of Idaho's Wild Valleys.

From the Yankee Fork Herald.

The grass in Stanley Basin, and along the valley of the Salmon up for a distance of forty miles or more, is of exceeding great growth. In many places it resembles vast meadows awaiting the scythe. One of these days that section will become famous as a summer range for large herds of stock. The valley of the Upper Salmon is from ten to fifteen miles in width. There is no finer fishing ground anywhere than on the Salmon. Its numerous tributaries contain millions of fish of many varieties, and bear, and deer, and other species of mountain game make that region their abiding place.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

John Nelson, a London actor, burst a blood vessel while playing Romeo, and died within a few minutes. He was the husband of Carlotta Leclercq.

A seven year old Philadelphia boy picked a woman's pocket in the street, and spent the money in treating two little girls to a supper of codfish cakes and peaches.

A nun gave her destitute father a night's lodging in her cell, at Prague, and for that filial act was expelled from the establishment, the authorities treating her case as though she had housed a man not a relative.

The Duke of Sunderland has permitted the exhibition on his grounds in London, of a portable railroad, said to be of extraordinary value in war. It is also specially designed for farming operations—saving labor in heavy carting.

The London *Truth* offered a prize for the best refusal in writing of an offer of marriage. Here is the successful letter.

DEAR MR. ——: I am very sorry; I appreciate you immensely, but I cannot give the casket without the gem. PORTIA.

Mrs. Cooley astonished her neighbors, at Manchester, O., after she had for ten years laid abed with a spinal disease, by calling on them early one morning, shouting "Glory," and explaining that, in answer to an entire night of prayer, she had been miraculously cured.

The suicide of Pennet at Atlantic, N. C., was accomplished by laying himself at full length on a high bridge, with his head protruding over the edge, tying one end of a long rope around his neck and the other to a heavy stone, and then droping the stone so that that its jerk broke his neck.

Mr. and Mrs. Donovan, of St. Louis, were driven by rum and poverty to resolve upon suicide. They took poison simultaneously, and the man died; but the woman's life was saved. She has since made three attempts to kill herself, and is now kept in a cell. She says she is in honor bound to keep the promise that she made to her husband.

The *Mark Lane Express* observes that farmers who propose to act on Lord Derby's recipe (emigration) for the cure of agricultural depression will read with interest in the Toronto *Mail*: "Mr. W. Weld, editor of the *Farmers' Advocate*, who is at present in Manitoba, telegraphs that the destitution there is fearful, and that many are walking back to Ontario."

Henry Pace killed the young man who had wronged his daughter, at Clerkenwell, England, and public sentiment favored him so strongly that a fund was raised to support his family during the year and a half of imprisonment to which he was sentenced. His escape from a worse punishment was regarded as lucky, and he went to prison in good spirits. But the daughter taunted him with being a murderer, and in consequence of that he hanged himself in his cell.

The Coming Swimming Match.

From the New York Sun.

Capt. Webb, who swims without artificial aid and who has never been attacked by sharks, and Capt. Boyton, who is encased in armor and propels himself with a paddle with which he frightens away multitudes of sharks and other marine monsters, have signed an agreement to swim at Newport for a purse of one thousand dollars, offered by James Gordon Bennett. Boyton is to paddle and frighten sharks through twenty-five miles of Newport beach water, while Webb swims twenty miles oblivious to sharks. Webb did the distance from Sandy Hook to Coney Island with ease, while Boyton, according to his own tell, had a terrible time getting across. The Newport match, in the light of the Sandy Hook performances of both men, seems to be an unequal contest. Webb should swim the twenty-five miles while Boyton paddles twenty. In the Cony Island feat Boyton was carried far out to sea, he tells, and well nigh perished in getting back. If in the Newport match he should be swept out and around Block Island, or unhappily be wafted off into Buzzard's Bay, he would lose the thousand dollars. But as there are not so many sharks off Newport as off Sandy Hook, he will lose less time in frightening them with his paddle, and the time gained may be devoted to getting through the water.

Publishing "Dead Beats."

A peculiar case is on trial in a St. Louis court. Two individuals named Burrows and Hannon have been for some time past publishing a book called "The Dead Beat List," and supposed to contain the names of persons who do not pay their bills. The St. Louis *Dispatch* denounces the enterprise as a blackmailing affair. Mr. J. H. Potthoff found his name in "The Beat List," and instituted a suit against Hannon and Burrows for damages. As Burrows refuses to state whether he was or was not connected with the publication of the book, he was committed to jail. The prosecution seems to meet with general approval in St. Louis.

The *Tribune* says the most important and interesting theatrical news that has reached us in many a day is that Edwin Booth intends to act in London, and that negotiations are now in progress between Henry Irwin and Douglas with a view to his appearance in that city.

A CHINAMAN IN CAMP.

A Chinese Cook Smokes Opium At Donner Lake—Daniel O'Connell Describes The Effect of the Drug.

From the Argonaut.

This Chinaman was changed to an extraordinary degree. He had retired to his extemporized opium den a slim faced man, wrinkled and pinched, attenuated to an unusual extent, like the figurehead of a man far down in the depths of spiritualism. When he handed around the pannikins of coffee in the morning, he was as chubby as a new born babe of German extraction. But while we wondered at the change, it became too evident that he had not partaken of the elixir of life, that his youth and beauty were not renewed, but that his plumpness was owing altogether to an opium debauch, and that he displayed what is known among the ungodly as a swelled head. He was in fine a biled owl, but none the less active, none the less attentive to his duties because of this enlargement of jowls.

Peace be with thee, Solomon, wheresoever the wayward destinies of a Chinese cook may lead thee. Thou wert indeed a philosopher; and though day after day thy head seemed growing too heavy for thy narrow shoulders to sustain, thy breath on the waning ember was always stormy as Boreas, and thy smiling innocence, when placing a badly burned stew on the table (for we had a table), might serve as a model to the limner of the countenance of a virgin saint. And it was a cruel stratagem, O Solomon, to keep thee short of blankets, so that the nipping and eager air of 4 o'clock in the morning might drive thee from thy scantily supplied couch to pile up the blazing logs before our luxurious toes. But it was Joe Goodman's suggestion, and he had camped out before.

The last thing I saw before closing my eyes that night was Solomon, the swollen, reclining by an empty cracker case, in which he had placed his lamp, his opium pipe in his mouth; and it seemed to my lazy fancy that I could mark his head growing larger and larger, like the squeak bladders of the toy shops.

LOYALTON LAID LOW.

The Whole Town in Ashes—The Fire Last Saturday Night Consumed the Principal Buildings.

Dr. M. Pritchard, who recently left Virginia for Sierra Valley, Cal., writes to the *Chronicle* from Loyalton, giving the particulars of the burning of nearly the whole of that town on last Thursday evening (August 21.) The fire began at six in the evening and lasted till 9. It originated in the Loyalton Hotel over the kitchen in a garret. Thirteen buildings in all were burned including two barns and two empty houses. The Loyalton House was owned by W. T. Wilson & Son, and was insured for $4,000. A part of the furniture was saved. The following persons were the principal losers: Levi & Bros., who lost a clothing store, insured fo $8.000; D. Keyes, a saloon, insured for $1,000; H. Lynch, a blacksmith shop and dwelling, not insured; Dr. Webber two houses and and a drug store; The Odd Fellows, who lost their hall and all its contents; and H. B. Weller, who lost a house and barn. Dr. Pritchard lost everything except what he had on his back. The doctor closed his letter by saying: "This is worse than the grasshopper plague, which has kept the people down to the bedrock for three years. The town will scarcely build up again."

The Piutes Scare the Passengers.

From the Silver State of Saturday.

The citizens of Winnemucca were treated to a novel sight yesterday afternoon. About the time the passenger train from the east was due a detachment of Winnemucca's warriors, accompanied by the old Chief and some two hundred members of the tribe, marched from their camping ground west of the river to the depot. The warriors carried the stars and stripes and a flag of truce at the head of the column. They wore the regulation uniform, which consists of a breech cloth and a few feathers. Their naked bodies, arms, legs and faces, were painted in colors, yellow, red and black predominating. The backs and breasts of the muscular savages were striped like zebras, and their faces were as hideous as paint and Piute art could make them. At the depot, eastern passengers, many of whom never saw an Indian, were astonished at this strange sight, and many of the men, as well as the women, showed unmistakable symptoms of fear. The warriors, who were picked men of the tribe, wheeled in the street south of the express office and returned to their camp, where they danced the war dance until completely exhausted.

Moving Westward.

From the Plumas National.

We hear little about grasshoppers lately, but all accounts agree that they have moved westward considerably this season, and that they have now gone into the business of depositing their eggs. There will be some pretty extensive hatching grounds in Grizzly Valley, and possibly in Mohawk, next season, and if they travel westward, our farmers may expect that they will give American and Indian Valleys a call in the next year or two.

SILVER MINING IN CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.

The Most Extensive Deposits of Silver in the World--Mines that Produced $400,000,000--Ore Averaging $81 Per Ton.

For centuries Chihuahua has ranked among the most famous of the Mexican States for the production of silver; but from various causes until very recently, the energies of Americans have not been directed to that rich region.

But thanks to American enterprise, that land is soon to pour into the United States the wealth which a century ago, glutted the avarice of the haughty Spaniard.

There are now in the State of Chihuahua at work, and organized for work, no less than six American companies, owning and controlling the richest and best of the mining property in the State. A brief mention of these is all that will be attempted at this time. The Santa Eulalia mining companies own the mines of Santa Dulalia, 16 miles from the city of Chihuahua.

Under the rule of Spain, these mines paid to the Catholic church a tax on $111,000,000.

They are, without doubt, the most extensive deposit mines in the world. But for want of capital, they are still being worked by the ancient methods of the Mexicans. The company propose to tunnel the mountain, build a railroad 42 miles to the forks of the Sacramento and Chihuahua rivers, and there establish large works for the reduction of the ores by modern methods. The Cusiquiriachic mines were purchased last fall by a company from San Francisco for the comparatively

TRIFLING SUM OF $500,000.

These mines are 90 miles southwest from the city of Chihuahua. The records do not show their former wealth, but it is known to have been great. The veins are true fissures, containing at the depth of 600 feet solid metal, in some places 15 feet wide, averaging nearly $100 per ton. The ores are now being reduced by the lixiviation process with excellent results. The Batopilas mines, in the southwest part of the State, owned and operated by Wells, Fargo & Co., contain large deposits of native silver, and are enriching their owners. The records show that under Spanish rule these mines produced $400,000,000. The consolidated mines of Parral, owned by the Knotts Company of Chicago, are situated in the city of Hidalgo or Parral. The records show that these mines have produced $60,000,000. They are true fissure veins, aggregating in length three-fourths of a mile, with a width of from 6 to 30 feet. The last six years working by the Mexicans yielded over $900,000, the ore averaging $81 per ton. These mines have only been worked to a depth of a little more than 400 feet.

Smithsonian Snakes.

From the Washington Republican.

On the first floor, in the main hall of the Smithsonian Institute, stands a curiosity which deserves particular attention. It is a large case, nine feet by four and one-half wide, containing numerous specimens of snakes, all of which are alive. Through the top, which is covered with glass, the movements of the reptiles can be plainly seen. The cage is filled with stumps of trees, grasses, ferns and sand, and an artificial lake keeps the ground continually moist. There the reptiles have full sway, and although somewhat repulsive, their cage is always surrounded with curiosity lovers. Some of the varieties are: Coachwhips, indigo or gophers, chicken, black and garter snakes. A king snake is also among the collection, and has to be carefully watched, as he is fond of hugging his companions, and very frequently kills them, after which they make a meal for his highness. This snake is the mortal foe of the rattlesnake, who always comes out second best in their fights.

The British Channle Tunnel.

From the Mining and Scientific Press.

The great tunnel under the British Channel with which it is proposed to connect England and France, has not yet been fairly commenced, but the engineers have sunk a shaft near Sangatte, in order to ascertain the depth and currents of the water. When these preliminary experiments are concluded the work of making the tunnel will begin. The shaft now being sunk is about nine feet in diameter, and is to go to the depth of 260 feet. Work in the shaft has been suspended for the last two months, as the water comes in so rapidly that it has been necessary to construct a machine that will extract 600 gallons per minute, or double what the machine first used could remove. The shaft has already been sunk to half the proposed depth. The walls of the shaft are being lined with small oak planks, with a backing of concrete. The earth which has been excavated is of a white, chalky nature, and very hard.

Another Tramp Murder.

J. W. Colton, station agent and grocer at Williamsburg station, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, was murdered last Thursday by a tramp. The tramp called for crackers and cheese, and while Colton was reaching into a barrel to get crackers the tramp struck him on the back of the neck with an axe, nearly severing the head from the shoulders.

A NEW MOUNTAIN PASS.

Another Roadway Through the Rocky Mountains—The Probable Route of the Northern Pacific—An Easy Grade For a Railroad.

The Helena, Montana, *Herald*, of July 31st, contains a lengthy account of a new pass just discovered through the main Rocky Mountain ridge, which is 700 feet lower than the famous Deer Lodge Pass, which has heretofore supposed to have been the lowest in the range. It was discovered by Mr. V. T. Priest, and has recently been surveyed by B. F. Marsh, C. E. Strange to say, it is within 15 miles of Helena, and why it has just come to the knowledge of man is a question which puzzles the *Herald* and every one else. Its highest altitude is but 5,500 feet above the level of the sea, and Mr. Marsh says that a freight team with an average load shall be able to pass the main range without a halt, and without locking or doubling. As a result of this discovery, the *Herald* says: It is certain that it must be the one that will be adopted by the Northern Pacific road, for it is on a line that will save 120 miles of distance, as well as give them a way across the range at a lower altitude than any other known pass,

SAVING ANY TUNNELING

and allowing an easy grade. Helena is thus placed about midway between the Main Range of the Rocky Mountains and the navigable waters of the Missouri river, a situation of untold value, and worth probably more than all the subsidies the county could ever have in its power to bestow. Its value to the Northern Pacific cannot be estimated at less than $3,000,000 above any other route that has been submitted to their consideration. It looks to us that this route, which has Puget Sound as well as the Columbia at one end, Lake Superior at the other and the lowest pass in the Rocky Mountains in the centre, must in the end overreach all others. The improvements now in the process of being made will admit the heaviest ocean steamers to the waters of the great lakes. The railroads that bear the Pacific freights and gather up the products of the best wheat land and stock ranges in the world will not have to seek the seaports of New York or Boston, but may presently make deliverance at the western end of Lake Superior. On the route now open and well understood, the Northern Pacific may be completed at a cost of about one-half of the Union and Central Pacific roads, and be operated every year at one-third less expense. Here is a margin of profits that sets successful competition at defiance.

The Fires in the Mountains.

From the Truckee Republican.

Heavy fires are raging in the forests in all directions. At Lake Tahoe the flames have spent their fury, and are dying out after having destroyed thousands of dollars worth of property. At Richardson's mill and back of George Shaffer's, heavy battling was kept up between the lumbermen and the devouring element for several days, resulting at last in a victory for the lumbermen. Now the point of greatest interest is Kneeland's mill. The flames are raging with great violence in the forests, and are constantly threatening the snow sheds, Kneeland's mill and large quantities of wood, lumber and square timbers. The water train of the Central Pacific is kept at the point of greatest danger, near Kneeland's. By the exercise of the greatest care the fire has been kept in check, and much valuable property has been saved. The origin of these fires is unknown. Some of them are undoubtedly started by Indians, others probably by hunters. Parties hunting and camping out should exercise the greatest care as a fire once started destroys a great deal of property.

How to Live Long.

From the Sanitarian.

He who strives after a long and pleasant term of life must seek to attain continual equanimity, and carefully to avoid everything which too violently taxes his feelings. Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind. We know that anxiety and care can destroy the healthiest body; we know that fright and fear, yes, excess of joy, become deadly. They who are naturally cool and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make a too powerful impression, who are not wont to be excited by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner. Preserve, therefore under all circumstances, a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune, can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

Pistol Practice by the Police.

From the Albany Law Journal.

If a policeman or keeper is cruel or wanton he should be punished. In this connection it is refreshing to read in the Texas criminal reports of several officers who were punished for shooting persons who were running away from threatened arrest. An officer has no right to shoot a man because he is not willing to be arrested, unless he offers violent resistance, or in case of felony it is impossible to apprehend him by milder means.

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A Hint to the Wise'

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Sol. Levy,

Virginia Street, . . . Reno, Nevada.

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STATE FAIR ENTRIES.

Horses that Will Go in the Races next October.

No. 1.—W. L. Pritchard names gray filly Sally Black by Waterford; dam, Lillie Simpson.

No. 3.—Theo. Winter, ch. f. Oats, by Langford; dam, Balrena. E. J. Baldwin, b f —— by Glenelg; dam, The Nun. E. J. Baldwin, b f —— by Glen Athol; dam, Annette. E. J. Baldwin, b f Experiment, by Monarchist; dam, Cornflower. Wm. H. Leigh, b f Lillie R., by Longfollow; dam, Sallie Travers.

No. 5.—W. L. Pritchard, b m Maggie S., by Bayonet; dam, Stoner mare. W. W. Gift, b m Twilight, by Norfolk; dam Kate Gift. T. Winters, b g —— by Norfolk; dam, Nevada.

No. 8.—T. Winters, ch colt Conner, by Norfolk; dam, Addie C., E. J. Baldwin, b f Tillie C., by Wildidle; dam, Abbie W.

No. 9.—T. Winters, ch f Mattie Glen, by Glen Athol; dam, Mattie Gross. E. J. Baldwin, b f Glenita, by Glenelg; dam, Lark. T. B. Winston, b f Illusion, by Alarm; dam, Mary Hadley. A. C. Overtan, b m Madge Dudge, by Bayonet; dam, Fick.

No. 10.—A. R. Horton, s g Cachise. No pedigree given.

No. 12.—W. L. Pritchard, b m Maggie S., by Bayonet; dam, Stoner mare. W. W. Gift, b f Twilight, by Norfolk; dam, Kate Gift. T. Winters, b g —— by Norfolk; dam, Nevada.

No. 13.—T. Winters, Mattie Glen, by Glen Athol; dam, Mattie Gross. E. J. Baldwin, b f Clara D., by Glenelg; dam, The Nun. E. J. Baldwin, b f Blossom, by Virgil; dam, Blunder. T. B. Winston, b m Illusion, by Alarm; dam, Mary Hadley. Wm. H. Leigh, s c Longfield, by Monarchist; dam, Blue Gown.

No. 17.—W. L. Pritchard, ch colt Euchre, by Leinster; dam, Flush. T. Winters, ch colt Conner, by Norfolk; dam, Addie C. E. J. Baldwin, b f Tillie C., by Wildidle, dam, Addie W.

No. 18.—W. L. Pritchard, b m Maggie S., by Bayonet; dam, Stoner mare. W. S. Pritchard, ch colt Richard III, by Crichton; dam, Irene Harding. W. W. Gift, b f Twilight, by Norfolk; dam, Kate Gift. T. Winters, b g —— by Norfolk; dam, Nevada. T. Winters, ch f Oats, by Norfolk; dam, Ballerena. T. Winters, ch f Mattie Glen, by Glen Athol; dam, Mattie Gross. E. J. Baldwin, b f Blossom, by Virgil; dam, Blunder. E. J. Baldwin, bf Glenita, by Glenelg; dam, Lark. T. B. Winston, b f Illusion, by Alarm; dam, Mary Harding. A. C. Overton, b m Madge Dudge, by Bayonet; dam, Fick.

No. 19.—W. L. Pritchard, s c Richard III. by Victor; dam, Irene Harding. T. Winters, ch f Oats, by Langford; dam, Ballerena. E. J. Baldwin, b f —— by Glen Athol; dam, Annetta. E. J. Baldwin, b f Experiment, by Monarchist; dam, Corn Flower. Wm. H. Leigh, s c Longfield, by Monarchist; dam, Blue Gown.

Other running entries are probably coming by mail, which will add a few to the list. Trotting entries will be made up to September 1st.

The Circus is Coming.

To-morrow Chiarini's great circus will perform in Reno. His circus is noted for the excellence of its equestrian exhibitions. His trained horses are unsurpassed. It is an old, reputable concern, that has traveled all over the world. The company is large, and all its appointments first class. Good riding and thrilling performances in the ring are its leading features. These entertainments are the unbounded delight of the small boy, and the coming of the circus fills his whole mental horizon for weeks in advance. Old boys, too, like to see fine horses and good riding, and when they file into Chiarini's next Friday, let them not forget the days of their childhood, and take the youngsters along to make them happy for a week.

The Woman with Two Tongues.

Millie Christine was shown to a large audience on the 20th. There are really two persons comprehended under that name. They are twins inseparably united back to back. They are of great interest, and together with the two little men, the show is one that well repays a visit. The twins (Millie Christine) seem to be amiable and contented, and to be very much attached to each other. They deserve commiseration, for if the sympathy of the public is often bestowed upon a woman who is the victim of too strong an attachment for a man, how much more are these poor creatures to be pitied—two women firmly bound to each other for life, without hope of divorce.

Seminary Improvements.

Bishop Whitaker is having a stone and gravel walk made along the north side of the large water ditch near the Episcopal Seminary. This walk will be extended next year, and will then go entirely around the block on which the seminary is located. The walk will be when completed about one-third of a mile long, and shaded on both sides by trees. By next October water for irrigation purposes may be obtained from the Evans ditch. Various kinds of trees and flowering plants will be planted next spring on the seminary grounds. Thus, within two years the site of the "school for girls" will be one of the prettiest in this part of Nevada.

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

The Investigation of the Labor Depression Committee Last Night—Uncalled for Sympathy With the Heathen Mongolian.

As a well-known citizen was tacking his way homeward along Virginia street about 2 o'clock last night, he observed a number of Chinamen at work in one of the wash houses that adorn that thoroughfare. His sympathies were aroused at the sight of the poor Celestials toiling so far into the night. So he leaned his weight gently against the door which yielded to his persuasive bulk and he appeared in the midst of the astonished Mongolians.

"What er you work so late for, old yeller boy?" he said to a tall, lank Chinaman whose prominent cheek bones made him a conspicuous object.

"You get out—heap quick!" the disturbed Mongolian answered, as he threatened the intruder with the flat iron.

The belated citizen, whose sympathetic nature had led him to act as a Labor Depression Committee, felt the milk of human kindness turn to gall in his breast as he heard those harsh words from the lips of the heathen, and he immediately knocked the washerman down. Upon this, another heathen threw a stool at the invader, who retreated to the street to establish a scietific frontier. The Chinamen began to swarm out of the holes and corners of the edifice, until some thirteen rogues in cotton had gathered in a solid phalanx on the wash house floor. Our hero surveyed the situation calmly and decided upon his line of action. The fly door of the establishment, covered with netting, had closed. Seizing the stool which had accompanied him into outer darkness, he threw it with deliberate aim through the netting, right into the midst of the phalanx. He then pursued his way homeward, reciting with great feeling: "Man's humanity to man makes countless thousands mourn!"

DAWSON'S LONG BISCUIT.

Cooking in Camp—A Wonderful Receipt for Biscuit—How the Bake Suited The Boys.

Dr. Dawson acted as cook while camping with his party at Grizzly Valley recently. Fortunately for the other members of the expedition, the outdoor life and abundant exercise prevented those disastrous results to their digestion which might have been expected. Whether the Doctor ate anything of his own cooking, and if he did, what were the effects upon his viscera, will never be clearly known. As a physician he must have constantly in mind the delicacy of the digestive apparatus, and therefore it is more than probable that he confined himself to berries and such other raw food as he could pick up during the trip. His companions were somewhat reluctant to disclose the mysteries of the medicine man's cookery, for he knows full well where the chickens came from that were broiled over the midnight coals, and they dread exposure. They were not his hands that groped about in the darkness of that hencoop that was contiguous to the camp at Last Chance. But the receipt for what they derisively term the Doctor's "long biscuit" they gave the reporter in an unguarded moment. This is the formula: One pound of flour, half pound of baking powder, quarter pound of salt, half pound of lard, half pound raisins, pint of corn meal, pint of water, quarter pound of alum (to make it white), and two ounces of glue (to give it body). This mixture was kneaded well and baked in the ashes. Comstock was the first man that, driven by the pangs of hunger, dared to attack the biscuit. He took a bite, and ejaculated, "What damned tough bread"—"but," he added, "but it's good though."

THE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

The Coming Match at the Palace—List of Prizes and Full Particulars.

At a meeting of the local billiard sharps in the Palace saloon on the 20th inst., it was decided to commence the tournament on Monday, September 22d, to last six days. It is expected that about eight entries will be made. The contest will be limited to residents of Washoe county. No entries have yet formally been made, but the list is now open. The games will be for 300 points, and will all be played with four balls. The contestants will play with each other in turn until each has had a game with every one engaged in the match. The one winning the most games will be awarded the first prize, and the remaining prizes will be alloted on the same basis. The player making the longest run will recover entrance money. The following is the list of prizes: First prize, a silver mounted Champion Cue, value $25; second, $20 gold coin; third, $12 50 gold coin; and fourth a cameo ring. The details of the match have not yet been definitely fixed, but the foregoing is a general outline of what has been planned. Should any changes be made in the programme they will be published hereafter. The tournament will take place in the billiard saloon of the Palace hotel.

A SAD SUICIDE.

A Beautiful Girl Drowns Herself in Webber Lake.

The Tragic Ending of a Young Life—Some Secret Grief—That Made Existence a Burden—A Waitress That Had Seen Better Days—Full Particulars From The Scene of The Tragedy.

Miss R. L. Mallett was a handsome, finely formed young lady, about twenty-two years of age. She was well educated, accomplished, and of an amiable disposition. Not much is known here of her past history. She lived near Susanville for a time, and once taught school at Willow Creek. About the first of last June she came from Gold Run to the Lake, and obtained employment at Webber's Hotel as a waitress. She performed her duties faithfully and quietly, but seemed at all times sad and unhappy. Some secret trouble evidently preyed upon her mind. She would sit alone at her window for hours, gazing out over the lake. Miss Mallett gave every one about her the impression that she was utterly despondent, and a victim to some form of melancholy that made her life miserable. Some

DISAPPOINTMENT IN LOVE

is supposed to have been the cause of her trouble. Miss Mallet roomed with another young lady, to whom she often expressed her intention to commit suicide. She even went so far, ten or twelve times, as to give her room-mate everything she possessed, and bid her a tearful good-bye. So that when last night, before going to bed, Miss Mallet again took leave of her room-mate, giving her everything as usual, the latter did not suppose that she would carry out her intention. But this morning about 6 o'clock, as she stepped out of the house, she saw Miss Mallett rowing out from the shore, and called out to her to come back and take a passenger. But Miss Mallett would not return, and from the boat waved her hand and said

HER LAST FAREWELL.

Having no belief in the girl's strength of purpose, her friend thought she would soon return in safety, and dismissing the matter from her mind, she busied herself about the house. No one saw the unhappy girl throw herself into the lake. A cold wind had been blowing hard all night and the water was very rough. Soon after she had taken the fatal plunge, Mr. Wright, a rancher near Huffaker's Station, who is camping out near the lake, saw a boat adrift, but paid no attention to it. The boat kept drifting towards the Little Truckee river, and about 7 o'clock was observed from the hotel, when the absence of Miss Mallett was remarked and the truth at once suspected. The alarm was immediately given and several parties started out to look for the missing girl. G. W. Fleming, a guest at the hotel, rowed out and recovered

THE DRIFTING BOAT.

He found the oars and everything about the boat in their places and nothing in it to indicate the rash act that had been committed. Returning to the shore, he was informed of the circumstances attending Miss Mallett's disappearance, and again pushed out upon the stormy lake to search for the body. After rowing about some time, a dark object in the water, near the spot where he recovered the boat, attracted his attention. As he drew near he saw that it was the object of his search. The body was floating, face downward, in the water. It was as soon as possible conveyed to an old cabin near the hotel. It was now about nine o'clock, and the girl had been in the water nearly three hours, yet the body was still warm and life seemed not extinct. Dr. Webber was in attendance, and and after making all possible

EFFORTS AT RESUSCITATION

announced that she was dead. A Justice of the Peace has been sent for, and will probably arrive this afternoon, when an inquest will be held. There is, however, not the least doubt that the girl deliberately took her life, in fulfillment of her oft expressed intention. There are quite a number of persons staying at the hotel, including several from Reno, and the sad affair has made everyone melancholy. The remains will be buried here after the holding of the inquest. The deceased is known to have left relatives, but their residence has not been ascertained. Efforts will be made to trace them out, and acquaint them with the tragic death of the beautiful young lady, to whom life became a burden from the weight of a secret sorrow that was greater than she could bear. MOSE.

Webber Lake, Thursday Aug. 21, 1879.

A Live Firm.

Ross & Bauer propose to run the furniture business in Reno this Winter. An immense stock will be brought in, part of which will be exhibited in the Pavilion during the State Fair. New quarters will be provided for the Fall stock. Mr. Ross will go below in a week to make arrangements for it.

RENO'S PROMISING PUP.

His Encounter With a San Francisco Bull Dog — The Value of Early Training—A Bet that Was Soon lost.

O. H. Smith has a bull dog that has a record. The name of O. H. Smith's dog is Butch. His full name was Butcher, but for the sake of brevity, the er was dropped. For a similar reason Butch's tail was cut short at an early age. Before his teeth had got well established in his jaws the pup gave tokens of the stuff that was in him. Smith was sitting on his doorstep one day, with Butch asleep beside him, when some sports from San Francisco came strolling along. They had a big bull dog with them. They looked at Butch approvingly, and remarked to Smith that he had a fine looking pup there.

"Yes," Smith said, "I think there's the making of a dog in him."

The sports were on their way to Virginia with their fighting dog, and had an afternoon to spend in Reno. They thought they would have a little fun at Smith's expense, and make some money out of him. So one of them said to Smith:

"S'pose we let our dog give your pup a lesson. It will kind of teach him how to take hold."

Smith said he thought his pup had good points that might be drawn out.

So they went to an out of the way place and set on the dogs. But first, just for fun and to make it interesting, they bet Smith ten dollars that the pup would have to give in before two minutes. Smith took the bet. The strangers didn't know exactly what to make of Smith's dog. He hung his head down, and didn't seem much interested in his schooling. But as soon as he saw his chance, he got the city dog's left fore paw in his mouth, and munched it between his teeth. When a dog gets "the foot and mouth disease" his chance in a fight is gone. The city dog was fully sensible of the advantage gained by his youthful adversary, and soon yelled for mercy. The discomfited sports paid the bet and departed.

THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

The Specifications Drawn and Received From Sacramento—Some Discription of the Building.

The plans and specifications for the new school house came up from Sacramento last Friday morning. The trustees have advertised for proposals for the erection of the building, and will have the work commenced at the earliest possible day, in order to get the building as near completion as possible before cold weather comes.

The plan selected by the trustees was drawn by A. A. Cook, a Sacramento architect. It represents a handsome, well proportioned building of considerable architectural pretentions. The edifice is to be built of brick. It will be of two storys, with a mansard roof, surmounted by a tower. Nothing but the best material will be used in its construction. The foundation walls will be laid two feet deep with solid masonry. The exterior wooden finish of the building is to be done in redwood, and the interior is to be finished in sugar pine. The school house will be furnished throughout with gas and water. The building will be 68.4 feet square in the clear, and 90.8 in highth to the top of the tower.

There will be eight class rooms, each 28x32 feet and 16 feet high. The halls will be 18 feet wide.

Tending Two Bars.

At Moore's Flat, Nevada Co., Cal., on the 18th instant, Justice J. M. Ballard was presiding in his court room, trying a prisoner. His Honor combines the business of Justice and mixing drinks. During the trial a man entered the court room and, walking up to "the bench," implored the Justice to come out and give him a drink, as he was sorely suffering with the belly-ache. The case was urgent and the court kept the only saloon in the place. At length his Honor yielded to the eloquent pleading of the spasmodic appelant, and left the bar of justice to preside at the bar of alcohol. The prisoner, lawyers, and jury all left the court room to see relief administered to the colicy sufferer. His pains were speedily relieved, and after a social glass all round, the court resumed its sitting.

The Roddan Outrage.

From the Wheatland Recorder.

It has been suggested, and we think the suggestion a good one, to have all the detectives arrested and taken before Judge Bray, and made to tell what they know about the recent outrage, and if they could not give satisfactory proof, or did not know anything about this great mystery, to send them to Marysville for ninety days as vagrants. Something is wrong, and the public demand that they either make a move or leave town. We, with many others of our citizens, have got tired of watching these detectives and our hen-roosts. Do something, gentlemen, if nothing more than Sheriff McCoy did for a month or so after the outrage, arrest a Chinaman or so. Keep up the excitement—or are you and McCoy going to do as the Supreme Court has done in the Keyes' case—stave all proceedings off until after election?

BY TELEGRAPH.

SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.

DeYoung Shoots Kalloch.

Charles DeYoung Fulfils His Threat Against I. S. Kalloch and Shoots Him Down in the Street.

The History of the Affair—Kalloch's Speech Last Evening—What he Meant to Publish in the Open Letter—The Shooting This Morning—DeYoung in Jail—Kalloch Still Living—Great Excitement.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 22.—During the day the street talk has run largely on the expected hostilities between Rev. I. S. Kalloch, the Workingmen's candidate for mayor, and the proprietors of the *Chronicle*. That journal continued its attack on Kalloch this morning, including in its arraignment his father before him. The reported programme for this evening was that Kalloch would make a general harangue in Metropolitan Temple, after which he would adjourn the meeting to the street, and there read the famous article on the De Young brothers published in Napthaly's *Sun* some five years ago. This understanding was sufficient to draw an audience to the Temple which literally packed every inch of the auditorium, while the street in front was filled for nearly the entire block with the crowd. Kalloch's in-door speech dwelt at length with general political issues and closed with an attack of the most bitter and personal character on the proprietors of the *Chronicle*. The enthusiasm of the audience was such that it was with difficulty the speaker could proceed. After the adjournment he made his appearance outside and was greeted with tremendous cheers. He addressed the crowd, briefly alluding to the attacks upon him by the *Chronicle*, and saying that their assault on the memory of his father was his justification. He applied to them an epithet in which was concentrated the whole animus of the *Sun* article. He said he had a copy of that article in his pocket [cries of "read it," "read it,"] but did not wish to expend all his ammunition at once. The article would be republished immediately in the *Open Letter*, and next Tuesday evening he would take it up and comment upon it. After a few general remarks he dismissed the audience, which quietly dispersed.

DeYoung Shoots Kalloch.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 23.—Charles DeYoung shot Kalloch this morning at 10 o'clock; once in the left breast over the heart and once in the thigh. Kalloch is very dangerously hurt, but may live. The most intense excitement prevails. The Workingmen have called a meeting for 2:30 this afternoon. Runners are out after clansmen. All the regular and special police are on duty. The militia has been ordered out. The *Chronicle* office is strongly guarded, also the county jail and the city prison. It is not known where DeYoung is. It is rumored that he has escaped, also that he is in jail.

More Particulars.

About 10 o'clock this morning Charles De Young in a coupe drove to the side door of the Metropolitan Temple, where I. S. Kalloch has his study, and sent a messenger to say that a man wanted to see him. Kalloch went down, not knowing who his visitor was. On his approach to the coupe, De Young shot him through the door, inflicting one wound in the breast and another in the thigh. Kalloch fell and De Young attempted to drive off. A crowd collected around the vehicle and finally overturned it. Before De Young received much damage he was rescued by police, and taken to the city prison for safety. Intense excitement prevails, great crowds are gathered on the streets, and runners are going about calling the workingmen to assemble at 2 P. M. Kalloch was first reported dead, but later reports say that he is still alive.

The Struggle and Arrest.

De Young, pale as a sheet, fought with the desperation of a man fighting for his life, at one moment his pale face would be seen on one side of the carriage, his hands grasping the window frames in his endeavors to prevent being pulled out at the other side, and the next moment the situation would be reversed. This struggle continued for nearly fifteen minutes. The workingmen, in their shirt-sleeves, had evidently left their work in the neighborhood to join in the fray, and conspicuously in the crowd was a tall, gray haired man in a red shirt thrown open at the chest, whose pale face and struggling form gave him the appearance of a leader. The Workingmen had succeeded during the melee in striking De Young many severe blows about the head and body, but this apparently was not the full bent of their design. Shouting, cursing and raising a din that could be heard for blocks, they struggled to get De Young in their power. Some one shouted "tip him over." Three or four strong men took hold of the vehicle and raising it nearly perpendicular threw it over on its side. De Young bruised, and stunned by the fall, was unable to fight off his assailants who commenced fighting each other to get at him. They beat him on the head and body, tore his clothes off, and each one seemed anxious to wreak personal vengance on him. A policeman fought his way through the crowd and getting him by the left arm dragged him through the crowd to the Baldwin Hotel, got him into a hack and took him to the city prison.

Kalloch's Condition.

3 P. M.—Examination of Kalloch's wounds leaves little hope of his recovery. He was shot twice, once in the left breast a little below, and to the left of the nipple, and once in the left hip. He is cool and collected; is able to recognize friends, but the physicians fear internal hemorrage. DeYoung is still in the city prison. The city is fearfully excited; riots are feared to-night. The Workingmen's military companies are parading the streets.

JOTTINGS.

—Young Noreross who was shot at Lake Tahoe the other day is doing well.

— The GAZETTE receives every month the latest novelties in job type and paper.

—Dr. Hogan went to Buffalo meadows, 100 miles north of Reno to see a sick lady.

—An iron roof is coming from Ohio to cover the Sunderland-Winchel & Cuningham building.

— Four-year-old has a cold and does not hear well. She says her ears are in the dark.

— The drug stores will hereafter be closed on Sunday from 1 to 6 P. M., and open from 6 to 8.

— Winchel & Cuningham have a new cigar from New York, surnamed Puck, which smokes very nice.

— The sound of the hammer is still heard in Reno from morning to night. Several new buildings are going up.

—Boca's clever mule is dead at the ripe age of sixteen years. He was forced on the track against his will and was killed by a passing train.

—Large watermelons may be seen along the sidewalks with their pale undersides displayed, causing one to shudder as at the sight of the upturned belly of a shark.

— L. S. Burchard has been appointed agent for two excellent fire insurance companies, viz. the Western of Toronto and the American Central of St. Louis. Assets of each over $1000,000.

— An Oregon half breed was run over by the train going south on the V. & T. R. R. on the 20th instant, while lying on the track half a mile beyond Washoe. The body was brought to Reno for burial.

—A small frame building is going up in what was the vacant space next door to Quinn's stove store. It is being built by C. Coleman. Virginia street will soon show two solid fronts along the whole block.

—The circus will be along soon, and there are some performing wild animals with it. There will be a number of deacons and pious ladies in the tent "just to see the menagerie," but they will get caught in the crowd and forced to stay and see the circus performance.

—A subscriber writes to know where he had better go to lay in a stock of provisions and staples for a small country store. The answer was to come to Reno, by all means, and call on the well known firm of Hagerman & Schooling, who cannot be undersold in the State.

— There is a bad place on First street near West. Men picking up rock around town have filled up the lower side of a swail which crosses the street, and the upper side of the street fills with water from the streams used to irrigate the surrounding gardens. It is a good place to breed disease.

THE FISH CREEK BATTLE.

The Fight Between the Coalburners and the Officers—A Sharp Engagement.

From the Eureka Leader of August 19.

The coal-burners had informed the teamsters that they could load no more coal at Fish creek under any circumstances, until the coal troubles were settled satisfactorily to the strikers, and that it made no difference if the sheriff sent all the officers he could muster, they would prevent the loading of another team. On the receipt of this information, Sheriff Kyle sent deputies to protect the teams on Fish creek, yesterday afternoon. A large crowd of Italians were there and told Rich that he must not attempt to load the teams; Rich said he had came there for that purpose, and then told the owners of the coal to commence loading, which they attempted to do, but were pushed back by the leaders of the gang and commanded not to touch a sack. G. H. Smith and Rich then began to load the sacks upon the wagon. They were ordered by the leader of the strikers to stop, and were pushed aside by the Italians, and when they again tried to load, the leader drew a pistol and fired at Rich, the ball just grazing his head. Another one of the strikers at the same instant rushed upon Smith with a long knife, when the officers opened fire on them and

THE SHOOTING COMMENCED IN EARNEST.

The officers were well supplied with the latest improved arms, which they had in readiness, and at the first fire eleven of the Italians dropped. Five of them were instantly killed and six wounded. The terrible effect of the first volley completely demoralized the strikers, and they scattered and ran like sheep, shooting wildly at the officers, who escaped without a wound. There were about 117 of the strikers, and they evidently thought their large force would so completely awe the officers that they would not dare to return a shot, but they mistook the character of the men they were dealing with. The officers did not attempt to follow the retreating strikers, but stayed by the wagons, expecting they would gather their forces and renew the attack. The fight took place about dusk last evening, and as soon as it was found that the battle would not be renewed, Storey left for town; he returned to Fish creek about 3 o'clock this morning accompanied by Sheriff Kyle, Dr. Thoma and Coroner Smith. It is the opinion of those who are best acquainted with the fighting qualities of the Italians that this will squelch the coal war effectually, and that the strikers have had all the fighting they want.

The Angora Goat.

From the S. F. Journal of Commerce.

The question as to the adaptability of the soil and climate of this coast for raising the Angora goat may be considered settled, for the past few years has convinced the most skeptical that there are millions in the business. It is known that we have thousands and thousands of acres unfit for any other purpose upon which these creatures can feed and grow fat, while sheep of any other breed would starve upon them. And now that our people have by experience become thoroughly conversant with the habits, peculiarities and wants of these natives of Asia; and not only know how to care for the fleece and the skin there can be no sensible objection raised to their becoming one of the great sources of income to the coast. The fact is that the raising of these goats, like the raising of vineyards, had to be studied and studied closely. We know that it has taken years and years to bring our vineyards and our wine making to a paying position, and it was not to be expected that the imported goat would at once become a profitable investment while the people were ignorant of its habits and how to care for it. The goat even now may be called a new comer among us. He does not bear the mark of the pioneer upon him for it was only in 1861 that two native bucks were brought here.

The Live-Stock Interests of Nevada.

From the Eureka Sentinel.

Cattle that are fatted on the nutritious bunch grass of the Great Basin are greatly preferred by Eastern buyers to those fed upon grass in any other section of the Union. Texas used to be the great cattle-growing state of the United States. The Lone Star is now losing the trade, and she must look well to her laurels or she will be totaly eclipsed in this industry by apparently the most sterile and uninviting of the states of the Union—Nevada. In fact the possibilities of the Silver State as a great producer of beef, the finest in the world, cannot well be overestimated. The opening up of the trade with the East has given our cattle raisers markets for all the year round. We supply the East in the summer and fill the stalls of San Francisco with the choicest cuts in winter. The livestock interest of Nevada, which is yet in its infancy, is scarcely less important to the permanent prosperity of the state than the mining interest. Beef will be shipped both East and West from Nevada long after the last mine in the state has "petered out."

Anna Dickinson will make a second venture as an actress next month, appearing in San Francisco, in a play of her own writing.

THE GREAT NEW-BRUNSWICK STORM.

A Terrific Tempest Destroys Four Score Houses—The Waterspout—Many Persons Wounded and Some Killed.

St. John, New-Brunswick, Aug. 11.—An extra edition of the *Moniteur Acadien* contains the following particulars of the great storm at Buctouche:

"About 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon the sky was covered with dark, thick clouds, and heavy thunder-claps were heard in the distance. This presaged a tempest, but nobody expected the terrific one that so frightened the people of North Bank. Some thick clouds plowed the sky, and two especially, enormously large and black, approached each other from opposite directions, and came into collision at Rich Cove, about two miles above St. Mary's Church. The shock was terrible, forming a waterspout conical in shape and frightful in size. The cyclone, moving toward the east, traversed several small woods, uprooting and raising everything in the course of its passage for a width of two acres. Three farm-houses, with barns and stock, were scattered about the fields. After describing a circle toward the north,

THE WATERSPOUT

fell upon a barn and completely demolished it. Advancing towards the east in a zigzag fashion, the waterspout, in the twinkle of an eye, reached Buctouche church, where it wrought its last destruction, and then lost itself in the sea. On the river the waterspout lifted two arches from the top of the big bridge to the south of the channel and launched them a hundred paces below. The covering of the mill on the south side, and partly on the north side, was carried off, and the crown was injured. Returning to the river, the cyclone moved back to strike the convent, the church and the presbytery, and it is here especially that the ruins are enormous, and

THE DESTRUCTION IS INDESCRIBABLE.

The convent was considerably damaged, the church steeple was raised on one side many feet, and the church itself was otherwise considerably damaged, outside and in. The presbytery is a mere mass of ruins. The violence of the cyclone was tremendous. Houses were raised 30 feet, and dashed to pieces. At St. Mary's Church trunks of trees, poles, pieces of wood, etc., traversed the air with the rapidity of lightning. A large, heavy hay cart, that had been left near a barn at St. Mary's, was transported a quarter of a mile, and a carriage was smashed to atoms. Ricks of hay containing 20 tons nearly disappeared before the tornado. One of the gallery benches of the Buctouche Church was carried through a window into the presbytery. The number of dead and wounded, large as it appears, is wonderfully small considering the circumstances. The number of houses destroyed is more than 80. The losses amount to fully $100.000.

OHIO'S PEARL FISHERIES.

Fishing With The Feet—Pearl Bearing Mussels In The Miami River—A Curious Industry.

From the New York Sun.

The bed of the fisheries extends along a distance of ten miles on the Little Miami River, and about midway are the towns of Waynesville and Corwin. The river is a sluggish little stream, looking opaque enough to hold its own secrets; and it did so until about twenty years ago. About that time a practical geologist visited Waynesville, and something in the conchological indications of this region suggested to him that it was the stuff that pearls are, or should be, made of, and he began to investigate the mussel shells that abound in beds in the river. The result justified his conjecture; pearls were found in sufficient quantity to make the fishery an occupation, and since that time pearl fishing has been a recognized industry of this region. These beds of mussel shells are found in deposits anywhere from the banks to the middle of the river, and are generally discovered by the feet of the pearl fisher. About fifty men and boys are engaged in this work. They wade into the river at depths varying from the knees to the neck. With their feet they feel the shells, and

RAISE THEM BY THEIR TOES

to the small canoes that are anchored near them. A bushel or more having been collected, the fisher goes to the shore, and, sitting down in the cool shade, opens the shells with a large knife. The hapless mollusk within is not of the slightest value, either commercially or gastronomically. Its pearls alone are sought. They are found between a translucent membrane that lines the shell and the shell itself. Occasionally the pearl is imbedded in the shell so firmly that only an experienced lapidary can safely detach it. This is rare. The number of pearls found in a single shell rarely exceeds three, and on an average only one shell out of a hundred and fifty contains any pearls at all. It is a common experience to open bushels of shells and not find a pearl. The pearl fishers are usually the drift of the population, men and boys to whom regular steady work is slow torture. Many of the old Indian mounds that have been opened contain pearls, showing how ancient their existence is. In the mounds they lie as though they had been strung, but they crumble at a touch.

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

Paradise is to have a new hotel to cost $9,000.

There are 4,858 names on the Great Register of Nevada county.

The New works of the Con. Pacific at Bodie have been finished and are now in operation.

The Eureka *Leader* proposes to start a new industry—corning beef, by giving the cattle whisky.

The dairy business in the Black Hills pays. One man makes $3,000 a month out of his cows.

The project of building a branch of the Union Pacific Railroad to the Black Hills is again being agitated.

Romero, the Mexican saber slasher, in jail at Pocenix, Arizona, made his third attempt to escape on the 21st and was shot dead.

The Scorpion shaft is now down 70 feet. A hoisting engine will soon be in operation when they will sink at the rate of about five feet per day.

A boy, name unknown, was dragged to death on a ranch near Galt on the 20th by a horse to which he had tied himself previous to going asleep.

The great register of Los Angeles county shows 8000 names increase. It is believed that the county will rank second in population in the state.

Last week John A. Jackson, Thomas Emrick and Charles Wren of Washington county, caught 1030 fish in a day and a half fishing, on Dairy creek.

T. P. Hyde, residing near Murphy, Josephine county, raised rye this season that measured nine feet and six inches in height. He had peavines also which measured nine feet.

Mrs. Eliza M. Scott, nee Mrs. Woodman, a native of Massachusetts, aged fifty years, drowned herself in the slough at Stockton on the 21st. She has been in the Insane Asylum.

Randolph, a horse thief, was hanged at Hillsboro, New Mexico, to the limb of a cottonwood tree. He had been pursued into Arizona, as far as the Little Colorado, and taken back to New Mexico.

The water in Kern Lake is receding rapidly, and great quantities of fish are left stranded in the mud to perish. The stench is so intolerable as to render the country near by almost uninhabitable.

A large number of cattle have been killed this season by lightning along the Union Pacific. Probably not less than one hundred head have gone that way on the Plattes and between. One stock man near Brady Island alone lost twelve head.

The Coroner's jury in the case of William Brewster, who died from poison at Wallula, Washington Territory, on the 18th, returned a verdict of "poisoned by parties unknown." A portion of the evidence was damaging to the wife of the deceased.

The Yuma, Arizona, *Sentinel* says the amount of ties accumulating to the front must be enormous; almost daily an extra train of twenty car loads of them rushes through here, followed by a regular train with ten or twelve car loads more; a load is 250 ties; 8500 ties per day counts up rapidly.

Charles Harmon, of Salt Lake, Utah, aged sixty-five, was prevented from going through the Endowment House on the 21st inst., with an English girl aged eighteen, by the girl's grandfather, an Apostate Mormon. The Endowment House is kept busy Thursday solemnizing polygamous marriages.

James McLosky, alias "Shacknasty Jim," was fatally shot on the 5th by Frank Grouard, the scout, near Fort McKinney, Wyoming. McLosky with five others had stolen horses from the Crow Indians a few days previously. When Grouard attempted to arrest him he pulled his revolver. Grouard, thereupon shot him.

Luke Monihan, a well-to-do farmer, residing several miles from town, was brutally murdered near Phoenix, Arizona, within a quarter of a mile of his farm. Five buckshot entered the back of his neck. A man named John Keller has just been arrested as the guilty party. He was tracked to and from his house and scene of the murder.

The latest important mineral discovery in Colorado has been made by Henry Clements, and lies in Mosquito pass. It is a carbonate deposit, much in the nature of a coal bed, and has been penetrated to the depth of twenty feet. The ore is similar to the Little Pittsburg. Mr. Loveland has acquired the mine and will probably name it the Fannie Barrett. He has refused $300,000 for it.

An Indian Attack in Idaho.

Walla Walla, W. T., Aug. 20.—Perfectly reliable dispatches have been received by the Walla Walla *Statesman* from Warrens, I. T., dated Aug. 18th, which states that on the evening of the day previous the ranch of Jim Raines on the Salmon river, eighteen miles from Warrens, was attacked by Indians. Raines and James Edwards were killed and Albert Weber badly wounded. Seven other settlers escaped and arrived in town safely. The Indians burned all the buildings on the ranch. Four rifles, five revolvers and 200 rounds of ammunition were carried off. The number of Indians was not stated. Col. Bernard's command are hunting Indians fifty miles away in another direction.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Donovan and McClellan, the prize fighters, are expected to make a match in Virginia shortly.

The stage of the water in the Carson river at Empire, is getting so low that the mills will find it difficult to run, soon.

The big, big fight that some of the papers whooped up as soon to come off between the Piutes and Shoshones, will not take place after all. Piute Sam informs the Austin *Reveille* that there is no war impending.

On the night of the 20th, Cathcart, the clog-dancer and proprietor of the Opera House in Sutro, was called out of his place and brutally beaten by two unknown ruffins. The pair injured him so badly that he is confined to his bed.

Ambrose Goetz, who had his hand hurt some three weeks ago in the machinery of the Silver Hill mine, and who submitted to an amputation of his thumb about five days since, died on the 20th inst. of lockjaw resulting from his injuries.

The *Enterprise* says that the Sutro Tunnel company have started a lateral drift on their own ground, at a point 12,000 feet from the mouth of the tunnel. This is for the purpose of prospecting a vein of some promise passed through at that point.

A large quantity of salt, from the Desert Salt Works at White Plains, has been unloaded at the depot, remarks the *Silver State*. The manufacture of salt at the Desert Works has stopped the importation of the article from Liverpool to Nevada.

Sides, the Piute, has interviewed the *Appeal*. He was concerned about the old wahala who yielded to the seductive influences of a young buck some time ago. Sides says she is all right now, and "come back to her children." He says, "newspaper man be not understand," they never meant to tie her to a pony; they never do that.

The Winnemucca *Silver State* says that the new ten stamp mill built by C. E. Taylor on the Lang Syne mine at Dun Glen, is running steadily, and has produced $6538 in gold bullion since it commenced running, a little over two weeks ago. The mill was built in 18 days, and 24 days from the time work was commenced on the building, had produced $2000 in bullion.

The following prizes are to be contested for at the calico ball of the Independent Champions of the Red Cross which will take place in Virginia on September 12th: First prize, for best calico costume displayed, a silver jewel casket; second prize, for the best lady waltzer, a gold shawl pin; third prize, for the best gentleman waltzer, a pair of gold sleeve buttons.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The deaths from yellow fever at Havana during July were 475.

Hornets stung a little boy about the head and face in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., recently, and he died half an hour afterward.

During the present crisis the ministers, for the most part, have fled from Memphis, leaving their flocks to the ravages of the fever. Were it not for charitable organizations the distress would be increased tenfold.

A Cleveland (Ohio) dispatch says: At a target shooting match yesterday on the Fair grounds, a young man named Herman Wasmier, who had charge of the target, was shot and instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a rifle in the hands of one of the marksmen.

The dispatches from Port Dalhousie report an earthquake between 2 and 3 o'clock yesterday morning, attended by a loud clap, resembling the discharge of a cannon. Solid brick buildings were shaken at Thorald. The shock was violent at Welland and severe at Beamsville, Allanburg and Port Robinson. A rumbling noise accompanied the earthquake, which was also felt distinctly at Port Robinson, St. Catharine's and elsewhere.

A Mississippi special says: R. B. Pearson, superintendent of public education of Harrison county, killed John D. Conkerton, of New Orleans, yesterday afternoon. They quarreled about a drink, Conkerton claiming that Pearson had not paid for it. Pearson invited anyone who wanted to fight him to come out of the barroom. Conkerton advanced on Pearson and the latter drew a pistol and fired. Conkerton started to run, when Pearson fired again.

A Headless Butterfly Lays Eggs.

A gentleman residing at Aberdeen relates that he picked up a female butterfly of the genus Vanessa, the head of which had been recently plucked off by a bird, and took it home in order to examine its wing scales. On his clipping off a bit of the wing about four hour afterward, the limbs of the insect moved and the butterfly laid an egg. The process continued until the decapitated insect had deposited some twenty-five ova. Next morning, being up betimes, the naturalist touched the butterfly once more, setting off the depositing of eggs so vigorously that by the time twenty-nine hours and a half had elapsed from the moment of his finding the insect, it had actually given him 78 eggs.

LYNCHING IN ARIZONA.

A Mob at Phoenix Hangs Two Men To A Cottonwood Tree.

Phoenix, August 22.— Last night, about mid-night, John Lebarr, a well known saloon keeper, closed his place of business, and before going home he went to a saloon across the street and treated the crowd. One man, named McClosky, not being invited, picked up a quarrel and left the saloon. Returning shortly, he entered the saloon, ran up to Lebarr and first hit him, and then cut him in the bowels with a large butcher knife. He was taken home and is now lying at the point of death. The doctor says he cannot possibly live. This morning he regained conciousness sufficiently to identify his assailant. This morning all the saloons, stores and other places of business were invited to close, and at about ten o'clock a Law and Order Committee made its appearance and quietly marched to the jail, where they demanded an entrance. The crowd was very large. The outer door was unlocked, the cell opened, and McClosky taken out. Jno. Keller, the man arrested for killing Monahan a few days since, was also taken.

HANGED TO A COTTONWOOD TREE.

Ropes were tied around their necks and they were then led down Main street to the Plaza, and there hanged to the limb of a cottonwood tree. Keller said it was an old grudge. McClosky said he was drunk. After the hanging the Captain of the Committee said the law was too slow and justice demanded the act. He spoke of a number of lawless characters in town, and requested their early departure or it would prove unhealthy for them. He also gave advice to a well known Mexican who was accused of inciting riot among Mexicans because of the killing of Romeo last night. Saloons are requested to be kept closed the remainder of the day. Everything is quiet and orderly. There is no drunkenness, and no objections are made to the hanging. Everyone quietly dispersed.

NO MORE FIGHTING.

The Charcoal War at Eureka—The Feeling Since the Battle—The Coroner's Inquest.

From the Eureka Leader.

All excitement in reference to the coal troubles seems to be allayed, and the opinion is generally expressed that naught but peaceful measures will obtain in the future. There is a deep feeling among the Italians in reference to the result of the fight at Fish creek, and it is claimed by them that no overt acts were committed sufficient to justify the killing of the men. The testimony given at the Coroner's inquest has been published in full, and our readers can draw their own conclusions. It was expected that the other side of the story would be heard, but it being found that the inquiry was taking too wide a range, it was brought to an abrupt end. It is probable that an examination of the officers and posse will take place at an early day, at which time the matter will be judicially investigated, and all the facts from both standpoints will be learned.

THE VERDICT.

The jury, after a short consultation, found that the above named men came to their death on the 18th day of August, A. D., 1879, in this county from gunshot wounds, received at the hands of a Sheriff's posse of Eureka county, Nevada, while said posse was in discharge of its duty.

All Quiet at the Metropolis.

From the Tuscarora Times-Review.

The story which the Reno Gazette, doubtless out of pure deviltry, started about a project of a new county with Tuscarora as the county seat appears to be exciting considerable comment and feeling in almost every place but this. The *Silver State* protests against the segregation of any portion of Humboldt. The *Reveille* tearfully begs that old Land r may be spared from any further dissection. The Eureka papers are mildly indignant, while Brothers Shears and Smallpasture are as hot as a couple of pepper pods at the honor proposed to be thrust upon the northern metropolis of Elko. Tuscarora in the mean time is attending to her little old mining interests and isn't worrying over such trifling concerns as new counties or county seats. Keep your shirts on gentlemen, and don't agitate yourselves unnecessarily over a matter which has created no excitement at the presumed most interested locality.

The Fastest Trotters.

From the New York Star.

The authenticated records of the most celebrated American trotters are as follows: Rurus, 2:13¼; Goldsmith Maid, 2:14¾; Hopeful, 2:14¾; Lulu, 2:15; Great Eastern, 2:15¾ to saddle, and 2:18 to harness; American Girl, 2:16½; Occident, 2:16¾; Gloster, 2:17; Dexter, 2:17¼, Judge Fullerton 2:18, and Nettie, 2:18. Goldsmith Maid is no longer on the turf, and Gloster and American Girl are dead. Edwin Forrest is in his sixth His return to the trotting turf will be welcomed and watched with great interest by sporting men.

"When your Liver is Torpid
And Stomach feels bad,
Go to your druggist,
For Sanford's New Pad."

THE FISH CREEK KILLING.

What the Eureka Papers Have to Say—Somewhat Conflicting Opinions.

From the Leader of Wednesday.

All the evidence of the parties engaged in the Fish creek battle points to the strikers as aggressors. Inspired with a contempt for the law and its methods, deriding the attempt of the officers to execute it, they invited the punishment that was so quickly meted out. Much as it is to be regretted that these foolish and deluded men should have fallen victims to their own lawless proceedings, much as it may be deplored that the agitation has resulted in bloodshed, surely no one can blame the officers for so promptly and effectually quelling the outbreak.

From the Sentinel of Thursday.

Contrary to the predictions of many persons, no trouble has occurred in Eureka, growing out of the fight at Fish creek, and the Italians are quietly and peacefully submitting to the law's course. They have indulged in neither tirades nor threats, but confidently claim that they will eventually prove that the killing of the five men was wholly uncalled for and unwarranted.

There is no disguising the fact that the burners have the open sympathy of a large portion of our population, but is yet too early for any thinking man to form an opinion. Barring the evidence given yesterday, and which of course was naturally favorable to the sheriff's posse, nothing has been developed which would justify any one in passing judgment. There are not a few who blame the sheriff for sending what they are pleased to term "a fighting posse." The argument is a poor one, however, for the sheriff who would send any but men of recognized courage upon such an expedition would only be equaled in stupidity by the faint-hearted volunteer who would consent to go. Besides, while the entire posse, with perhaps one or two exceptions, are men whose courage or fighting qualities have never been disputed, not one of them has ever been accused of being quarrelsome, or of engaging in broils of any description. All the witnesses testified yesterday that when Rich and the leader of the band prepared to fight, Simpson begged them not to shoot, saying he could settle it peacefully; while Toomey says that his instructions from both Kyle and Simpson were to the effect that on no consideration should force be resorted to if it could poscibly be avoided. If the officers did not exceeed the bounds of prudence in this unfortunate affair, the abuse they are receiving will tend to deter others in the future from risking their lives in defense of our rights and property.

AN ITALIAN VERSION OF THE AFFAIR.

A *Sentiuel* reporter obtained the following account of the affair from an Italian eye-witness: There were, he claimed, about ninety Italians and Swiss present at the time of the fight, about thirty of whom had arms—only four or five being armed with shotguns. They were on the hillside when two men drove up in a buggy, and the crowd came off the hill apparently from motives of curiosity, and he followed. His boss, who owned a pit, and who was one of the killed, also went from curiosity and was unarmed. When the buggy stopped, one of the officers handed a paper to an Italian, and just then the balance of the posse drove up and, after dismounting, ranged themselves in front of the burners. He heard an officer say "fire," when a single shot was heard, and the Italian leader tumbled from his horse. There was a dead silence for an instant, when the officers opened a regular fusilade, and the Italians took to their heels. No shots were fired by the latter and no weapons displayed.

The Nihilist Demands.

From Land and Liberty (St. Petersburg).

The programme of the Nihilists of Russia, as now summed up, runs thus:

1. Security of personal freedom (habeas corpus).
2. Religious liberty.
3. Freedom of the press, of speech, and of association.
4. Self-government of cities, of districts, and of provinces.
5. The assemblies of the elected representatives of the people shall control the administration.
6. Investigation of the economical and social condition of the people.
7. General amnesty.

Kalloch and the DeYoungs.

A dispatch from San Francisco says that Kalloch proposes to read in public to-night the story of Nephtaly, published in the *Sun* some years ago, with elaborations. The DeYoungs, so street reports say, sent Isaac, a messenger, with a notification that if he read that screed they would shoot him on sight. Kalloch, so it is asserted, notified the DeYoungs' messenger that he would read the article in question, and immediately sent a committee to obtain a copy thereof.

Sleepy Tom Wins Again.

A Utica dispatch says: Sleepy Tom won the deciding heat for the pacers. Time 2:15½. In the 2:24 class Alley won three straight heats, Tom Keeler second and Gilbert third. Lida Basset, who sold 150 to 52 in the pools, was drawn and it was openly claimed that the race was jockeyed against her to capture the pools. The pool box had $8,000.

DE YOUNG AND KALLOCH.

All the Details of the Shooting as Seen by the two Principal Witnesses.

DeYoung Fires Upon Kalloch From Behind a Blind—The Bowie Knife He Had With Him—No Word of Warning to His Victim—Kalloch's Condition Critical—The City Quiet—Kearney and Kalloch's Son Contingent Candidates For the Mayoralty.

San Francisco remained quiet all day Sunday, and no riot was attempted. On Monday morning De Young was taken before the Police Justice, but he waived an examination. The charge against him is "assault with intent to murder." De Young was immediately returned to the city prison, where he still remains. Yesterday Kalloch's physicians said that there was a strong probability of his recovery. There was a strong desire manifested by the Workingmen to run Kearney for Mayor, in case of Kalloch's death. Last night it was believed that Kalloch's condition was precarious, and most people were prepared to hear of his death at any time. In the event of his decease a strong faction of the Workingmen will favor Kalloch's son for Mayor. The authorities last evening decided to keep De Young in the city prison until Kalloch's death or recovery. Gatling guns are kept under the roof, in readiness to defend the prison against a mob. The statements of the man who drove De Young to the Temple, and of the boy who delivered the message to Kalloch were made public yesterday.

The Story of the District Telegraph Messenger.

The statement of the messenger boy who accompanied DeYoung, as given to a *Bulletin* reporter, is published as follows: About 9 o'clock Saturday morning a gentleman drove up to the branch office, at No. 961 Mission street, in a coupe and called for a messenger boy. It was my turn to go out, and I went to him. I did not know the gentleman in the conpe, never having seen him before. We drove on to No. 2314 Nineteenth St. He told me to go to the house and inquire for Mr. Kalloch and tell him

THAT A LADY IN THE COUPE

wanted to see him. The door was opened by a boy. I delivered the message and the boy told me that Dr. Kalloch was not in. The gentleman told me to inquire what Mr. Kalloch's office hours were. I was told that he was at his office from 10 to 12. We drove from Mr. Kalloch's house along Mission street to Fifth. Before reaching Fifth Mr. DeYoung

LOWERED THE WINDOW OF THE COUPE.

We turned down Jesse street to the Jesse street entrance of the Temple, passing a buggy before stopping. When we stopped Mr. DeYoung peeked through the curtain of the rear window of the coupe, and said: "You see that man with a white ulster on? Tell him that a lady in the coupe wants to see him." I went to the gentleman in the ulster, who was in the buggy accompanied by another man, and in the act of picking up the reins when I delivered Mr. DeYoung's message. He at once stepped down and approached the coupe cautiously, as if he appeared to

ANTICIPATE SOMETHING

wrong, peering sideways at the window of the coupe. When he reached the conpe a shot was fired, which so frightened me that I ran as fast as I could back to the office. The boy had not read the accounts in the newspapers of impending difficulty between DeYoung and Kalloch, and he did not suspect at any time during the ride that the person with him in the coupe intended to do anyone any harm. The gentleman was cool and there was nothing about his person to indicate that he contemplated the deed that was committed.

The Cab Driver's Story.

The cab driver's story, as given by the *Call*, is as follows: He states that at 8:05 Saturday morning, a call for a coupe having been rung in from DeYoung's house, No. 317 Eddy street, at the office of the United Carriage Company at the Palace Hotel, he went out in response to the call. Smith has stated that he had never seen or known DeYoung or Kalloch. Arriving at DeYoung's house, Charles DeYoung got into the coupe, having at the time an overcoat upon his arm and two oranges in a paper in his hand. He ordered the coupe down to the corner of Mason and Eddy streets, to which point it was driven, and

THE DRIVER DISMOUNTED

from the box and opening the door, found that DeYoung had put on his overcoat. Smith states that DeYoung did not alight from the coupe, but ordered him to drive out on Mission street—a branch District Telegraph office—the coupe was stopped and the driver sent in for a messenger boy. Smith returned with one, who got into the coupe with DeYoung. They then drove to Fourteenth and Mission streets, where the coupe stopped, for what purpose Smith declines to say, but states that DeYoung did not get out, and that the coupe remained there but a moment, when they drove to the corner of Mission and Nineteenth streets, the coupe being stopped on the south side of Mission. DeYoung here sent the messenger boy to

A HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET

(Kalloch's house); but, on the boy's return, the answer to the message being unsatisfactory, the boy was again sent across the street, and, upon his return, got into the coupe, and DeYoung ordered it driven to the corner of Fifth and Jessie streets, which was done, and the coupe was stopped in front of Kalloch's office. The messenger boy got out and stepped up to a man(Kalloch) who was standing talking with another gentleman, and drawing on his gloves as if about to get into a buggy that was standing near at hand. The boy spoke to the man and he slowly turned and came toward the coupe. Smith, at this time, was blanketing his horse, and turned as Kalloch approached to open the coupe door, so that DeYoung could speak to him; but while his hand was on the handle of the door, the curtain, which was down, was raised at one corner by DeYoung who thrust out

THE MUZZLE OF A REVOLVER

And fired at Kalloch. The cab door was opened directly after the shot was fired, and De Young cried out to the driver to drive him to the old City Hall. When De Young reached the station house he was asked for his revolver. He stated that he didn't have it, as it had been taken from him by some of the crowd after he had been knocked down on Jessie street. He was then searched, and

A LARGE BOWIE KNIFE

was taken from his person. He was then conveyed to the Central Receiving Hospital, where Dr. Stivers, the Police Surgeon, dressed his wounds, which consisted of a scalp wound on the back part of the head and a small lacerated wound on the right side, near the temple.

An Outline of Kalloch's Life.

Rev. I. S. Kalloch is forty-eight years of age, and a native of Maine. He was educated at Colby University, at Waterville, in that State, and after leaving school became pastor of a church at Rockland, where he preached for five years. He was then installed as pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, where he served in a ministerial capacity for five more years. From Boston he went to New York, but only remained there as a minister for about four years, when he removed to Kansas, where for ten years he was an active politician and business man. For a time he was Superintendent of the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad, and was elected to the State Legislature, where he became a prominent member. He is married, and came with his wife and children to San Francisco, founding the Metropolitan Temple, which he has made popular. Dr. Kalloch is well known as an able orator, possessing a fine presence, great personal magnetism, and readily gaining the sympathies of his audiences. Some of his sermons on current topics have been most able, scholarly and clear expositions of the subject, showing the speaker to be a deep thinker and careful student.

Tuesday Morning's Dispatch.

SAN FRANCISCO; Aug. 26.—Up to midnight Kalloch's condition was reported unchanged. Notwithstanding the uniformly favorable reports of the physicians, those who still linger about the vicinity of the Temple persist in the belief that he will die, and that the favorable reports are designed to keep them quiet. Kearney professes to share in that belief, in common with the bulk of his followers. Everything is quiet about the city. The precautions about the central station are still maintained, two companies of the National Guard remaining on duty there to relieve the police, who have returned to their regular duty. The offices of the *Chronicle* are also still guarded.

Kalloch's Condition Improving.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 26, 9 P. M.—Kalloch's condition is continually improving, and it is now reported that he is out of danger, though the report is probably premature. According to the present opinion of the physicians the bullet merely grazed the lung. No effort has yet been made to probe the wound. Dr. Hale, a prominent physician, is of the opinion, from what he has heard of Kalloch's case, that the ball passed through the left lung and imbedded itself in the muscles of the back. If such is the case he does not think it necessarily fatal. The only pain Kalloch complains of is under the left scapula.

Kalloch's Character.

From the Boston Journal.

Should Kalloch's wounds result fatally, it would be a not unfitting termination of a stormy and chequered career. He has been one of the most prominent examples that our society has furnished of a combination of intellectual ability with an utter absence of moral principle. His character has been in degrading contrast with his professions, and his conduct has been repeatedly a reproach to the sacred calling whose privileges and immunities he has used for base ends. The lesson of his career is an open one, whose moral scarcely needs to be drawn on the community where he is as well-known as he is here.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Eureka had several fire alarms the past week.

Hot whiskey is already in demand at Tuscarora.

Squirrels do great damage to potato crops near Belmont.

The history of Eureka has been written and is now in press.

A fire on Crums Island damaged property to the amount of $500.

The Eureka Con. is now the largest bullion producing mine in Nevada.

Hardly a night passes in Virginia without an attempt at burglary being made.

The Hook and Ladder company of Eureka have a brick building nearly completed.

A Chinese wash house took fire at Pioche the other day but was promptly extinguished.

At the Carson track on Saturday the James filley won the race and money in 49¾.

A Fat Man's Club, of which Mayor Sabine is president, has been organized at Winnemucca.

The first term of the Sixth year of the Nevada State University, will commence on September 1.

It was so cold in Fish Lake Valley several nights last week that ice formed to the thickness of an inch.

Frank McDowd, a wood-chopper near Franktown, was recently left $50,000 by an uncle in Canada.

"Benighted and malicious persons," amuse themselves in Carson by throwing stones through the windows.

The *Tribune* thinks the Carson river will furnish plenty of water for the mills for the remainder of the season.

Ore from the Grand Prize, a new discovery on Willow creek, near Paradise, assays $565 51 per ton in silver.

The probable cost to Eureka county of the coal burners' strike is estimated at sums ranging from $10,000 to $50,000.

The late fires in the mountains south of Independence valley, destroyed a considerable quantity of cordwood.

The Metropolitan tailor shop of Stenge & Jacobs at Tuscarora, was robbed last Friday night of two suits of clothes.

White dresses are admired in Eureka, but the furnace fumes soon oblige their fair owners to send them to the wash.

Parties just down from Lake Tahoe say the nights are so cold in the mountains that fires are found necessary to comfort.

The Elko *Post* thinks that the fight for the Sharon succession lies between F. A. Tritle of Virginia city and ex-Congressman Woodburn.

The *Silver State* hears that the Sedan mill, in Paradise valley, has been purchased by the Bullion, Mining Company of Paradise, for $25,000.

The Battle Mountain jail is crowded with prisoners. There are nine Chinamen in one stall, five from Galena and four from the station.

An Indian runner and a negro ran a race at Winnemucca last week. The negro won. The Piutes are not fast runners, but good poker players.

According to the *Leader* many male Eurekans are spending their time at the usual summer resorts—the brandy and water-ing places, so to speak.

A fair client of a Eureka lawyer, insisted that the hearing in her divorce suit should not be had until she had her dress made up in Fall style.

The grand Indian fandango at Winnemucca is over. The Piutes and Shoshones have danced away their difficulties, and there will be no war.

Quite a number of Eurekans have sought and are enjoying, the pleasures of a hunting and fishing trip to the region known as the North Fork of the Humboldt.

A young surveyor excited much surprise in Austin by returning a day in advance of the party to which he was attached. (He was in love with an Austin girl.)

A Swede in Carson last Saturday attempted to outrage a four year old girl. He was surprised by the child's sister and fled, but was arrested and lodged in the jail.

A foot race for $100 a side will come off at the Carson track on the 6th of next month between a Carson and Gold Hill runner. The money has been put up.

A fight between two dogs and a badger at Virginia yesterday, in the Alhambra theater, resulted in the defeat of the dogs, and the badger remains in possession of the field.

Miss Sherwin and Mrs. Porteous still remain at Salt Lake.—*Stage.*

Flat broke. Sherwin had to leave her trunks in Elko, and probably has not recuperated yet.—*Appeal.*

Twenty vaqueros have arrived at Winnemucca, to collect the cattle purchased of Evans Brothers by Dunphy & Hildreth, for the purpose of driving 5000 head of them to California.

A Carson man returned unexpectedly from Bodie and found that his wife had taken a male lodger during his absence. He ordered them both out of his house. They both went.

The slipping of a board on which Thomas Williams and Ben James were standing in a winze of the Raymond & Ely mine last Friday, caused them both to fall. James caught hold of a rope in his descent and saved himself, but Williams fell forty feet to the bottom and was killed.

There is very little freight going over the E. & P. R. R. at the present time. The *Leader* remarks that this is the off month with merchants and business men, but there will be a boom in September.

In the shooting match for the Ballard rifle at Virginia, Captain Boyle, of the Emmetts, was the successful competitor, winning the rifle by a score of 44. Bob Duncan of Carson, made 43 in the match.

The examination of the coal burners promises to be a lengthy one. There is no doubt, says the *Leader*, that the defense will attempt to lay the foundation for a suit for damages on the ground of false imprisonment.

The Eureka Hook and Ladder truck has been moved so often since the fire that the members are never positive as to its location. When an alarm was given recently one of the company rushed around frantically in search of it.

Last Thursday evening, says the Belmont *Courier*, a very pleasant time was enjoyed in Emerson's hall. It was an impromptu dance in honor of the departure of Miss Inez Curler for Bishop Whitaker's School for Girls at Reno.

A noticeable and pleasant fact is the revival of trade in Eureka, the *Leader* notes, and the bright outlook in all directions save the unfortunate coal troubles. There is a feeling of confidence in every direction, based upon the apparent stability and improved prospects of the mining interests.

The Humboldt river is dry at Iron Point and the bed of the stream can be crossed by anybody dry shod. This is remarkable, says the *Silver State*, considering that there is considerable water in the stream at this place. The water sinks in the bed of the stream and runs under ground for several hundred yards.

H. C. Marker informs the *Silver State* that he has kept 200 hogs all Summer on alfalfa raised on twelve acres of land. He estimates that the twelve acres have produced between 60 and 70 tons of alfalfa this summer. The hogs are in good condition, and, when fed on grain for awhile this Fall, will make prime pork.

The Carson *Appeal* says: At the depot lies the largest mining pump on the coast, with the requsite machinery for its operation, for the Real del Monte mine at Aurora. The outfit costs $100,000. The Real del Monte has a ledge 100 feet wide at a depth of 500 feet. It has an abundance of most excellent ore prospects, and also an abundance of water for this huge pump to contend with.

The *Enterprise* says J. T. Prichard, who killed Officer Symons, of Gold Hill, and is now in the county jail, may yet lose his arm. It was examined by Drs. Kirby and Aiken, who found no sign of knitting in the shattered bone. It may yet be necessary to open the arm and wire the ends of the bone together. Even this may not save the bone. Pritchard still declares that Symons fired first and that it was he, not Marshal Folsom, that shattered his arm.

It is evident that the backbone of the Fish Creek strikers is not yet broken, says the Eureka *Sentinel*, as they have prevented the loading of Mr. Tom Reilley's teams, and notified his men that if they persisted in attempting to load any coal, that certain death awaited them. At least that was the report made by Mr. Reilley yesterday. We would now suggest that the Sheriff summon a squad who are not "fighting men," and send them to the locality to enforce the law.

A newspaper directed to "N. Mathew Jr., Enchanted Prairie, Nevada," has been going the rounds of the different postoffices in eastern Nevada; and here are some of the notices on it, Eureka office says: "No enchanted place near the Base Range—may be it's near Pine Station." Pine Station: "Try Belmont." Belmont—"Not at Belmont, try Eureka." Eureka: "Had it once. There is no Enchanted Prarie near Eureka. Send to Hamilton." Hamilton: "It's a long ways from Hamilton. Send to Pioche." The paper was last heard of at Pioche. There is no "enchanted prairie" there.

The Carson *Tribune*, in speaking of Chiarini's performing horses, thinks it a wonderful sight "when each horse in turn takes the flag, rears on his hind legs, and waves it over his head." It is true that such feats are difficult, but it would be much more wonderful to see a horse rear on the flag and wave his hind legs over his head. Or for the horse to wave on his head and turn the flag over his rear. Or for the flag to take the horse and turn his hind legs over its waves. Or should the hind legs take the turn and rear the flag over the waves. Any of these sights would be more curious.

Equal to the Emergency.

Eureka Sentinel, 22d.

There are but two hearses in Eureka, and it was a subject of universal curiosity yesterday as to how Mr. Schwab would manage to carry the bodies of the five dead men to their last resting place. He proved equal to the emergency, and the sight of the wagon covered with crape, and bearing three coffins, preceded and followed by a hearse, was a suggestive sight. The friends of the dead coal burners were especially pleased with the arrangement, and were not slow to express their approval of the same.

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

An artesian well has been successfully sunk at Bodie.

The stage fare from Bodie to Virginia, and from Bodie to Sonora has been reduced ten dollars.

Bodie has three newspapers. The *Standard* and *Morning News* are published daily, and the *Chronicle* weekly.

Yankee Fork has a brick yard, and will have a ten stamp mill as soon as the road from Challis can be completed.

A young man named Shroever was resting his hand on an idle circular saw which started up suddenly and cut his hand badly.

Chrome iron exists in large quantities in the Coast mountains west of Colusa. J. P. Rathburn has recently discovered a large deposit.

Willie Wagnon of Napa county, died on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock of bilious colic, the effect of eating green pears the evening before.

The audacity of sneak thieves in Bodie is becoming apparent, when lumber lying in readiness for the carpenter is abstracted almost nightly.

A few wild geese have already come to Tulare lake from the south. They are earlier than common this year; some say it is a sign of an early winter.

An old man named Benett was drowned Saturday night in the San Joaquin river, near Trewert's Ferry. Foul play is suspected, he having had trouble with a Chinaman living near.

An incendiary fire occurred two miles north of Nevada City at 11 o'clock Monday night, by which the dwelling house and contents of the barns of Thomas Mooney were destroyed.

At Tucson, Saturday night, Charles Powell, in trying to shoot H. B. Simpson, shot and killed a Mexican by the name of Chavis and slightly wounded Jo. Nelson. Powell is under arrest.

It costs $1.50 per 100 pounds to haul freight from the terminus of the Utah and Northern Railroad to Butte City, Montana, and takes 11 days to make the distance, which is considered quick time.

A few days ago a man named Patrick Quinn, foreman of the section hands on the San Pablo and Tulare railroad in the vicinity of Bethoay station, was run over by the westward bound afternoon train and instantly killed.

The Fresno *Republican* of Saturday says: We have had the longest spell of hot weather this season ever known in this valley. For the past four weeks the thermometer has stood 100 degrees nearly all day, and several times in the middle of the day has gone as high as 112 degrees.

It is reported that street robberies are unusually frequent at Sacramento. On Saturday night at 9 o'clock, a young lady named Miss Mary Souser, was attacked at the corner of Eighth and K streets by three robbers, who took from her, after a struggle, a portemonnaie containing a small amount of money.

A probably fatal accident occurred at Bridgeport, about six miles west of Suisan. A young man named Marion Stiltz caught his jumper in the jackwheel of a horsepower, and was whirled around the shaft several times. One arm is broken in three places, one leg is broken, and he is likely injured internally.

A number of the farmers in Marion county are running their harvesting machines at night. This is necessary from the fact that the grain is very ripe and shells badly during the day time, while at night the dew makes it moist and not so much grain is lost. It is a novel sight to see self-binders rigged out with lanterns.

By an act passed at the commencement of the session of the last Legislature, the sense of the people of California is to be taken at the election on the 3d of September next on the subject of Chinese immigration. Under this law the elector is to place on his ballot the words, "For Chinese Immigration," or the words, "Against Chinese Immigration."

The most attractive feature at the Ogden depot the other morning, was a shapely little woman in pants, a la Dr. Mary Walker. She bore a pleasing, innocent countenance, and, unlike most bloomer wearers, had a husband, to whom she seemed devoted. Her liege also seemed very fond of his "attractive wife." The *Dispatch* reporter fell in love with the costume, and recommended it especially to old maids.

The Napa *Register* of Monday has the following: The fire which ran over the Imriville hills on Wednesday, broke out afresh near the Coombs place east of the cemetery, Friday, on which place the threshing machine of Robert Brownlee was at work. All hands left their work and fought fire from 11 o'clock A. M. until 3 P. M., and through their strenuous exertions saved an incalculable amount of valuable property.

A few days ago, while a teamster named Matt Ellingwood was driving a four-horse team up a steep grade in the Santa Cruz mountains, a drove of pigs ran across the road in front of his horses, and frightened them beyond control. They plunged over the embankment, and the driver, becoming entangled in the lines, was dragged about fifty feet. He had his skull fractured and one leg was broken below the knee. He was found the following day and taken to his home in Santa Cruz. His life is despaired of.

A Seattle dispatch of the 24th instant says: A man named Joseph Nenzil, recently from California, has completed a craft here which he calls the Neptune of Seattle, on which he proposes to make a trip to San Francisco, leaving here some time this week. His craft consists of three logs, twenty-four feet long, fastened together by means of ropes, decked over with rough boards, and provided with a small, rude cabin and sail. A large number of nautical men who have inspected the craft to-day claim that Nenzil can never reach San Francisco in her, and he will certainly perish if permitted to start. The man is evidently partially demented.

A Divorce Law for France.

M. Naquet is stumping France in favor of a divorce law, and his pleading has been so convincing that he has converted or silenced nearly all his opponents. One of the last anecdotes he related to show the superiority of divorce over separation, which leaves the husband with full power over the wife, was this: Some years ago a man was tried for his life and condemned to death. The jury, contrary to custom, did not admit "extenuating circumstances," which would have saved the man's life. The fact was that this man had a wife, twenty years of age, and worthy the deepest commiseration. Had her husband been allowed to live she would have remained bound to him; and the jury, in refusing to the convict a verdict that would have saved him from the guillotine, thought of the wife.

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R. V. BORDEN.

Reno, June 30, 1879-1m

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

A San Francisco Workingman in Washoe County—His Opinion of Kearney, Etc.

A GAZETTE reporter last Sunday interviewed Patrick Comisky, who is in Nevada on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Carroll, at Deep Wells. Mr. Comisky was the engineer in a heeling shop in one of the immense boot manufactories on Battery street, in San Francisco, and has been prominent in the councils of the Workingmen.

Reporter—Do you know of any certain means of knowing how the election will go in San Francisco?

Comisky—There is no use prophesying about the election. No man can tell anything about it until the votes are counted.

Reporter—I see Register Kaplan is of the opinion that the Workingmen have three-fourths of the votes registered up to a recent date.

Comisky—Mr. Kaplan can not tell how men will vote by looking at them, and it is very hard to get them to commit themselves. Since his statement was made, too, there has been a great change in sentiment towards the Kearney family. I have not the slightest doubt myself but that he has been sold out for months, and that is the universal impression among workingmen in San Francisco. His arbitrary rulings in the conventions at different times, his forcing his men into nominations, and his general disregard for the interests of the working classes and for everything but his own personal ambitions and whims have lost him his leadership, and where he had thousand of followers a year ago he has hundreds now. Farmer White was his personal choice, and not that of the Workingmen, and I do not believe he will be noticed in the vote of San Francisco. I would not vote for him myself under any consideration, and it is my opinion that Perkins will get a much larger vote in San Francisco than there is any idea of. Kalloch will get a better vote if he lives, than he would have got if he had not been shot by DeYoung. He has a far better support than Kearney, and is now the leading spirit of the Workingmen's party in San Francisco. I think Kalloch will be elected if he lives.

Dove Shooting.

Doves have been numerous in the grain fields near town all summer. Not a mile away from town a good shot can bag two dozen of them in a few hours. They are strong, swift flying birds and afford excellent sport, besides being good on toast. Doves can now be shot in any grain field on the meadows. The true sportsman will not shoot an innocent dove as it sits upon the fence; nor will he level his destructive tubes at the unsuspecting bird as it feeds upon the ground. It is a mean advantage to take of a dove. These remarks upon roost shooting are not intended to apply to a party of three who were shooting in Leete's field Sunday afternoon. They emphatically assert that the only birds shot by them on the fences or on the ground had been previously wounded, and the second shooting was done to put the birds out of misery.

Drunk and Disorderly.

Sunday afternoon Thomas Jolly and George Barker were arrested upon the street in the rear of the Savings Bank, for drunken and disorderly conduct. The disturbers of the peace and the Sabbath, had previously wrestled on Virginia street, where one of them lost his shirt in an athletic contest. Shortly after the episode of the shirt, one of the pair committed the offence of trying to get a drink without a cash payment, Monday at 1 o'clock, the fog having lifted from their mental vision, the prisoners appeared before Justice Young. Thomas Jolly pleaded guilty to the charge and was committed to the care of Sheriff Walker for sixteen days and a half. George Barker stood his trial, was acquitted and discharged.

Keep the Alleys Clear.

A short time ago, the road inspectors notified R. Fraser that his barn, obstructing the alley which opens into Fourth street, between West and Chestnut, must be removed and the passage kept clear. Mr Fraser promptly had the building hauled off, in compliance with their order. There are a number of alleys in the town obstructed by heaps of dirt, manure, and other refuse. All these passage ways should be kept clear and passable for teams at all times. In case of fire it might be of the greatest moment to have an unobstructed way for the fire engines through one of these little neglected alleys. They must be kept passable.

A Sick Man Brought to Town.

Tule Frank came in from Winnemucca valley Monday, bringing with him G. W. Hepley, who is in a bad state of health. Mr. Hepley will probably go to the county hospital where he can secure the best nursing and have medical attendance. His friends hope that he may entirely recover before long. Frank reports that all is peaceful and quiet in Winnemucca valley, and the hay crop as good as could be expected this season.

Matters at Pyramid.

The Jones & Kinkead mine has filled up with water to a depth of about 100 feet, or within ten feet of the 300-foot level. The stopes in the 330-foot level where so much good ore has been taken out, and where so much more remains, are flooded and the shaft below doubtless much caved. From the 330-foot level up to the 200, the shaft is strongly timbered, so that no damage can occur from the water above there. The tunnel is in softer rock with a little water coming in. The men have not made over four inches a day for a week. The rock passed through was the hardest ever found there; it would cut glass like a diamond. Measurements show that the syenite will be cut through in about twenty-five feet further and a belt of poryphyry 200 feet wide reached, in which a ledge of quartzite crops out on the surface four or five feet wide. This will be looked for in the tunnel with great interest and is likely to have grown to be a good ore body at that depth. In the Crown Prince mine work was to have been resumed last Monday morning and the ore body shown up.

Honors to the Chinese Dead.

A prominent citizen of Chinatown died some months ago, and was buried with Celestial honors. On Saturday afternoon a large wagon load of the *elite* of the Mongolian quarter was conveyed to the grave of the departed. The vehicle contained large quantities of baked pig, smoked fat, roast dogs and other luxuries dear to the Chinese palate. These were left upon the grave of the deceased with the customary ceremonies. A large concourse of Piutes viewed from a neighboring hill with hungry eyes the funeral baked meats thus offered the dear departed. As soon as the Chinese withdrew from the cemetery the red men descended to the feast. Could that dead Chinaman have known that the ignoble red men were consuming the viands cooked in his honor, it would have been enough to make him turn in his grave.

A Noble Pleasure Resort.

J. C. Watson has a little place on the shore of Pyramid Lake where he proposes to build a stable and entertain man and beast. It is on the west side of the lake, ten miles porth of Pyramid mining camp, and five from Alfred Jose's camp, where the road strikes the lake. It is about the only place on the lake that has any shade to speak of, except at the mouth of the river, which is held in possession by the Indians. A little work would make it a very beautiful place and Watson intends to try what he can do with it. There is a beautiful beach and no mud at all on the shore. But for the reservation which hangs over the beautiful lake a great many handsome places would be fitted up, and people could drive out and enjoy a holiday, but until the reservation is removed or cut down nothing permanent or extensive will be done.

More Good Farming Land.

Doc. Woods sowed barley last fall on the shore of Pyramid lake; it grew to a head and raised chicken feed without a drop of water. This assures the success of the experiment as that piece of land goes, as the first year is much more likely to failures than any subsequent one. There will be a good deal of plowing done in Washoe this fall to sow winter grain. Mrs. Carroll at Deep Wells will try it at the head of Spanish valley. Cox in Warm Springs, and Watson on the lake shore will put in some. What a glorious thing it would be for Reno if it is found that she can invite the small farmer to come with his plow and make a home in one of these magnificent mountain valleys.

The Billiard Match.

There are five players already settled upon for the tournament next month. Adam Kleser, who is the best player in the county and probably as good as any in the state, will not enter the list. As but eight players can enter, there is but little doubt of the success of the meeting. Those who already signify a willingness to participate are Nick Hammersmith, J. F Alexander, Charley Gray, C. C. Powning, George Stiles and F. Cook. Two or three games of 300 points will be played each evening, begining at 8 and closing at 10 or 11 o'clock. Two tables will be kept running if necessary.

Good Rock From Pyramid.

Ben. Lackey and F. Gregory, of Virginia, visited Pyramid District a few weeks ago, and there located a claim. Last Saturday they got assays of samples of the croppings, and the Virginia *Chronicle* reports the following results: $93, $23, and $2.98 to the ton. Their ledge is four feet wide, and the croppings can be traced for five miles.

Saturday Evening's Address.

L. S. Burchard delivered an interesting address before the Reform Club last Saturday evening. Only a few days had been allowed him for preparation. He made a strong plea in behalf of freedom in matters of religious belief and in favor of a more liberal interpretation of the Scriptures. The house was crowded.

JOTTINGS.

— The patent hotel registers have arrived and the hotel clerks smile.

— The Sunderland—Winchel brick buildings are going up rapidly.

— The Trustees of the State Agricultural Society will hold a meeting next Tuesday, September 2.

— T. E. Reiley and two other men got 100 pounds of honey from a bee tree near Huffaker's last Saturday.

— It is said to be a settled thing that Judge S. D. King of Carson will in a few days go east to be married.

— In the GAZETTE'S list of entries for the races at the coming fair the name of the mare Madge Duke incorrectly appeared as "Madge Dudge."

— The Mastodon Minstrels' special train from Virginia Saturday night made the trip in one hour and twenty minutes, the best time ever made over the road.

— O. W. Ayer is putting up a building for a restaurant and lunch house on the corner of Plaza and north Virginia streets. It is on the site of the old feed store.

— There are a lot of harrows lying on Commercial Row opposite Virginia street. They would be a fine thing for some lady to drive into if her horse got a little scared.

— L. S. Burchard has been offered and has accepted a position as teacher at Wadsworth. He retains, for the present, his interest in the firm of Burchard & McClelland.

— The return of all the doctors to town simultaneously with the appearance of green apples in the market, may be a mere accidental coincidence but it looks significant.

—The Goose Lake stage line has put on an addition to its rolling stock in the shape of a handsome new covered wagon. Three more of the same kind will shortly be added.

—A subscription paper is circulating for raising money to start a gymnasium. It will require $300 to buy the necessary apparatus. Over $100 have already been put down.

—Virginia street begins to look like an alley in Chinatown. It contains, among other ornaments, a huge well box, two hydrant boxes, rows of dry goods boxes and the big staircase.

—The spectacle of an honest but imprudent rancher voraciously eating watermelon in a wagon on the street to-day, was watched with a compassionate smile by two of Reno's physicians.

—The derailment of the locomotive of the lightning last Sunday evening, which made the train three hours late, was caused by the spreading of the rails near the Santiago mill, where the accident occurred.

—The fish law expires October 1st. Ten or 12 men will engage in fishing in Pyramid with the permission of the Indian agent if it can be obtained, if not without it, until their case is decided in the courts.

— J. E. Baker was appointed Elisor in the case of A. and A. F. Kinney vs John Barnes et al by Judge King. The sheriff being a party to the suit, could not act, and Mr. Baker has his duties to attend to as far as this case is concerned.

— The Truckee *Republican* says that hunters and sportsmen from Sierra City, Downieville, Virginia, Carson, Truckee and Marysville, have already sent in their names, and secured places in the grand hunting party which will pursue "Old Brin" at Webber lake, September 15th.

Prize for the Military.

With the liberality and enterprise which has always been characteristic of them, Messrs. Weinstock & Lubin, proprietors of the Mechanics' Store, Sacramento, have presented a solid silver gold-lined cup, to be contested for during the military tournament in that city Fair week. The cup is of elegant design, massive and costly. It is supported by a stack of muskets, beneath which is coiled a belt of cartridges resting on a massive base. The cup rises nearly twelve inches in hight. The supports consist of two elegant silver vases with gold swords crossed on each. The whole design is of strictly military character, and the service is valued at $300, and is to be engraved as the disposal of it may dictate. The gentlemen named offer it as a trophy to such command as it may be awarded to by a committee of seven, a majority to consist of military men. It is to be contested for as that committee shall determine. The only condition attached is that the troops present during Fair week shall give the public, by way of exhibition, a sham battle. After which the trophy shall be contested for.

To Make Gilt-Edged Butter.

Every dairyman wishes to get the top price for his butter. It can be done only by having it perfect in quality and appearance. When the color becomes light it is necessary to add a little of Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Perfected Butter Color to keep it up to the June standard. Many well known butter buyers recommend all their patrons to use only this preparation. It received the only award at the International Dairy Fair for superior "purity, strength, perfection of color, and permanence." No longer use Annotto, or scrap carrots, but buy this color of Osborne & Shoemsker, druggists, who have it for sale, as well as all druggists and merchants generally.

THE WHOAHAW.

A Hunting Party's Experience—The Strange Creature that Dominates Death—Stories of His Ferocity—Abundance of Game and Good Sport.

Richard Smith, the express agent, and his brother H. R., got back last Sunday night from their hunting expedition. They shot over the country around about Death and Halleck. Game was abundant. During the trip they bagged 125 prairie chickens and one lynx, besides untold numbers of sage hens, rabbits, ducks, etc. The singular number of lynx shot by the party would appear to indicate a scarcity of large game in that section of the state explored by the expedition. One might suppose that where birds were so abundant, lynx and other of their four footed enemies would be more numerous. It is a striking fact that they killed only one of the carnivora during the trip. But there is an explanation for the scarcity of such animals that will be strange to many readers. The whole region round about Death is dominated by

A MYSTERIOUS BEAST

known locally as the Whoahaw, an animal supposed to be a cross between the grizzly bear and the coyote. As the mule combines all the bad qualities of the horse and the ass, so does this hybrid display the courage and ferocity of the grizzly joined to the cunning and treachery of the coyote. The whoahaw has never been seen by daylight. He roams and ravages only at night. The beast has been known to carry off a horse. Cattle and sheep are often borne away by the monster. Mules he never attacks, for some unexplained reason. The brothers often sat up far into the night listening to the ranchmen's tales of the strength and ferocity of the whoahaw. There is supposed to be only one of them in that section of the country. He has never been distinctly seen, but some of the ranchers have caught glimpses of him prowling about in the darkness. They always had business of importance to attend to somewhere else upon such occasions. The recital of tales about the fearful creature one night,

CURDLED THE BLOOD

of H. R. Smith almost to coagulation. Richard says the ranchmen's stories often ran his own circulation down from seventy to forty beats a minute. Nothing but the speedy administration of tea or other stimulant could have enabled them to pull through those narratives. The brothers camped in the vicinity several nights, almost daring to hope that they might catch a glimpse of the dangerous hybrid. But they saw nothing of him, although one midnight they heard far off an echoing sound like "whoa——haw," which the ranchmen said was the cry of the monster, and from which they gave him his name. Should some adventurous hunter eventually cope with and kill the curious beast it is to be hoped for the sake of science, that his bones and skin will be carefully preserved. The brothers did not meet with any exciting adventures during their trip. They were much impressed with the exceeding swiftness of the coyote, when stimulated to exertion by the presence of fine shot under the skin. In order to observe his velocity they frequently introduced fine shot under the hide of straggling coyotes, always with the most gratifying results. They recommend the neighborhood of Death for hunting, but "Beware," they say, "of the whoahaw."

School For Girls.

The new term began this morning, August 28th, at 9:20 A. M. The friends of the school will be glad to know that Miss Kate A. Sill, the former Principal, will return this week to again take charge of the school. The other teachers are all on the ground. Miss Keeler returned three weeks ago, Miss Quaiffe arrived from the East last Sunday night, and Miss Woodruff and Miss Briscoe arrived last Tuesday. Miss Briscoe is an addition to the former staff of teachers. She comes from California, where for several years she has had the reputation of being a good and successful teacher.

That Stairway.

The Virginia street stairway still stands in the roadway, an ugly blemish on the town. Is it to stay there, an ugly patch upon Reno, until it rots down? Shall it continue to project its unsightly mass over one of our principal thoroughfares, and afford a precedent for more structures of the same kind? Some eight or ten such affairs would present a curious panorama to the casual visitor who might glance up Virginia street.

Accident to a Section Hand.

A man named Riley met with a serious accident on the railroad near Crystal Lake tank, last Saturday. He fell between two cars of a gravel train, breaking his leg and crushing his ribs. His head was badly bruised. He was employed as a section hand between the Summit and Truckee. He will probably recover.

THE FATE OF PHILANDER.

BY A SORROWING FRIEND.

I would I could in words express
The bitter anguish and distress
That bows me down in direst woe
For one whom all so fondly know,
Who now has left this mundane sphere,
And gone to hell, I greatly fear.

My hair once black, as all well know,
Has now turned white as driven snow,
And in my glass I cannot trace
A line of what was once my face.
Nor do I have one moments rest,
But wander lifeless, pain'd, distressed.

Phil Bates is dead. Oh sad the day
That he from Reno went away
To hunt the grizzly in his lair,
The catamount, and fierce jack hare;
In company, as I am told,
With hunters three, strong, true and bold.

While he was hunting grizzly bear—
I cannot tell exactly where—
An animal he ne'er had seen
Passed just across the deep ravine
In which he was, and sad to tell,
His gaze on poor Philander fell.

As each the other stopp'd to view!
The mazzard large and larger grew,
Until he seemed at length to Phi
A thousand feet (or nearly) high.
Poor Philonon dropp'd hat and gun
And started down the slope to run.

But ere he'd hardly made a pace
Another met him, face to face.
He looked around, in sore surprise,
The mazzards swarm'd before his eyes
Until he said he truly knew
That full ten thousand were in view.

He now gave up all thoughts of flight,
And 'gan to pray with all his might,
And I'll repeat his heart-felt prayer
As it was uttered then and there.
"O Lord, you surely know that I
By these ferocious beasts must die."

"But, ere I go, I wish to say
That when shall come the judgement day,
And Gabriel loud his horn shall toot
You'll not forget the old galloot
Who's widely known throughout the states
As Mister Phi Grasshopper Bates."

"Not that I think that ever I
Will have a pair of wings to fly;
For wings are made for better men
Than I in life have ever been.
And now, O Lord, next comes my wife;
For her I'm glad I'm quitting life."

"For now I know she'll have a show,
When I am dead and gone below,
To wed a wiser, better man;
And well I know she easy can.
Tell Will and Bill, and Robert Wright
At once from camp to take their flight."

"Lest mazzards take them unaware
While hunting near their horrid lair.
And now, dear Lord, a fond adiew;
For nevermore shall I see you.
As well I know the road I'll take
Will lead straight to the burning lake."

"I truly sorrow that my sin—
O horror! see the-e monsters grin!
Wh—o—o—o—e—e—p!——"

All sleepless was the camp that night,
And ere had broke the morning light,
They started out, resolved in mind,
Ne'er to return till they should find
Him, or some trace which would them tell
If he was dead, or live and well.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They hunted where the brooklets flow,
And went into the dark ravine
Where he the day before was seen;
And shouted loud in wild despair
And shot their guns into the air.

But they of him could find no track,
Nor came an answ'ring echo back.
They hunted till the scorching sun
Made far their shadows eastward run;
And were about to homeward hie
When they at length did him espy.

Stretched out full length upon the ground,
Close by a high and rocky mound.
In doubt if he was live or dead,
They pour'd some whiskey on his head;
And when it ran down to his nose
Immediately he arose;

And told the story I have told
About the mazzards, grim and old.
And said that he could see them still
Running around upon the hill.
Their store of whiskey soon gave out,
And Phi now died beyond a doubt.

Beneath a pine tree's tow'ring shade
His last remains were smoothly laid
Just at the close of that sad day,
Upon the hillside, far away.
And on the tree near by his head
These lines are car'vd, and may be read:

THE EPITAPH.

"Below this sod dark and dingy
Lies Philo Bates; he wasn't stingy.
And should you wish to go my friend,
Where he has gone, you'll have to mend.
He had one fault (it may be two)
I'm sure that twenty, sir, have you.
Where he has gone I do not know,
But where he is I wish to go."

PER CONTRA.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Ring loud the bells!
Go and proclaim with loudest yells,
Philo Bates is 'live and kickin'
And swears he'll give the wretch a lickin',
Who wrote his toes were upward stickin.

The Conference.

The Methodist brethren have been constrained by the advice of Bishop Haven to hold their annual conference at Winnemucca, the place originally selected. Mr. McKelvey was at some pains to get the consent of all the ministers to hold it at Reno instead, for the reason that each church had to be represented by three laymen as well as by the pastor, and the few in the eastern part of the state could make the trip to Reno with less expense and labor, than the many from western Nevada and eastern California could go there. He laid the case before the presiding elder, Mr. Hammond, who refused to recomend Reno, but was urgent to have it meet at Carson. So the matter was settled by letting all go in a bunch to Winnemucca.

The Verdict in the Case of the Webber Lake Suicide.

Last Friday morning, at Webber Lake, an inquest was held upon the drowned body of Miss Mallett, the particulars of whose tragic death were published in Friday's GAZETTE. The coroner's jury rendered the following

VERDICT:

State of California, County of Sierra, Webber Lake.

In the matter of the inquisition upon the body of Miss Rowena L. Mallett, deceased, before Wm. L. Blatchley, J. P., acting as Coroner.

We, the undersigned, the jurors summoned to appear before Wm. L. Blatchley, Justice of the Peace, acting Coroner of the county of Sierra, at Webber Lake, on the 22d day of August, 1879, to inquire into the cause of the death of Miss Rowena L. Mallett, having been duly sworn according to law, and having made such inquisition, after inspecting the body and hearing the testimony adduced, upon our oath, each and all do say that the deceased, named Miss Rowena L. Mallett, was a native of Maine, aged about 23 years, that she came to her death on the 21st day of August, 1879, in this county, by drowning, having been found in Webber Lake, and that the act was premeditated and not accidental. All of which we duly certify by this inquisition, in writing, by us signed, on this 22d day of August, 1879.

J. G. LEMMON, Foreman.
WM. VAN BUREN,
GEO. W. MILLS,
CHAS. HAINES,
GEO. W. ROBERTS,
FRANK S. MOSHER.

There were no facts elicited at the inquest to throw any light upon the motive which led to the girl's rash act, beyond what have been already published. After the inquest, friends took charge of the remains, which were removed to Truckee, and there buried last Friday afternoon. So ends the sad story.

A Fine New House.

J. S. Sellars is putting up a handsome house for Mark Parish on the corner of Mill and Centre streets, nearly opposite the court house. The lot is 100X150 feet, running through to State street. It has been graded and walled in with solid granite and masonry. The house rests upon a substantial foundation and overlies a deep, frost-proof cellar. It will face Mill street and its dimensions are 29X36 feet, with a height of twenty feet. The roof will have four gables. The two stories together will contain nine rooms and bath. The frame is now up and the whole will be completed in the course of the next three months. A look at the plan shows that when completed, it will make one of the most tasteful residences in the place. It will be occupied, certainly, by one of Reno's most popular citizens.

Daly in Carson.

A GAZETTE reporter interviewed George Daly in Carson Thursday. He feels a great deal of concern in regard to the trouble at Bodie, and expresses great regret that any one should have suffered. He says the claim was bought three years ago, and is now held by the Jupiter Company. The Owyhee claim never was surveyed, has no stakes, and never has been properly recorded. It was simply a blackmailing scheme on the part of what is known as the Idaho crowd. He says he is going back at once, and will see the thing through. Mr. Blaisdell, Superintendent of the Red Cloud, is with him, and will go back with him.

Hard to Kill.

Mr. Gulling, who before the fire lived on the corner of third and Center streets, had a row of five year old poplar trees on two sides of his lot. They were subjected to the heat of the burning freight house on the south, Smith's Opera House on the west, and Gulling's residence on the center of the lot, and still they live. Six of them have branched out quite freely, although all bear many dead branches.

Dull Times in the Comstock.

There will probably be 4,000 men at work in the Comstock mines this fall. Just now there are very few. There is water in a good many mines, and the hot weather affects the lower levels very much. Several important connections will soon be made.

The District Court.

The district court will open again next Monday, Judge W. M. Seawall, of the Third Judicial District, presiding. He takes the place of Judge King, who is about to take a trip East.

A Treat in Store.

Bishop Haven will be in Reno on the 24th of September and will deliver a lecture that evening in the Methodist church. His subject will be announced hereafter.

—Tom. Rogers is in Reno. He says he intends to live here.

BORN.

MIGHELS.—In Carson City, August 20th, 1879, to the wife of the late Henry H. Mighels, a daughter.

THE AGE OF THE WORLD.

This Round Earth Over 600,000,000 Years Old—The Testimony of the Rocks.

From the London Academy.

Geologists, astronomers and physicists alike, have hitherto been baffled in their attempts to set up any satisfactory kind of chronometer which will approximately measure geological time, and thus give some clue to the antiquity of our globe. It is therefore worth noting that Mr. Mellard Reade, of Liverpool, has lately contributed to the Royal Society a very suggestive paper, in which he endeavors to grapple with the question by employing the limestone rocks of the earth's crust as an index of geological time. Limestones have been in the course of formation from the earliest known geological periods, but it would appear that the later found strata are more calcareous than the earlier, and that there has in fact been

A GRADUALLY PROGRESSIVE INCREASE

of calcareous matter. The very extensive deposition of carbonate of lime over wide areas of the ocean bottom at the present day is sufficiently attested by the recent soundings of the *Challenger*. According to the author's estimate, the sedimentary crust of the earth is at least one mile in an average actual thickness, of which porbably one-tenth consists of calcareous matter. It is assumed that the primitive rocks of the original crust were of the nature of gigantic or basaltic rocks. By the disintegration of such rocks, calcareous and other

SEDIMENTARY DEPOSITS

have been formed. The amount of lime salts in waters which drain districts made up of granites and basalts is found, by a comparison of analysis, to be on an average about 3.73 parts in 100,000 parts of water. It is further assumed that the excessed areas of igneous rocks, taking an average throughout all geological time, will bear to the exposures of sedimentary rocks a ratio of about one to nine. From these and other data Mr. Reade concludes that the elimination of the calcareous matter now found in all the sedimentary strata must have occupied at least 600,000,000 of years. This, therefore, represents the

MINIMUM AGE OF THE WORLD.

The author infers that the formation of the Laurentian, Cambrian and Silurian strata must have occupied about 200,000,000 of years; the old red sandstone, the carboniferous and the poikiltic systems, another 200,000,000; and all the other strata, the remaining 200,000,000. Mr. Reade is, therefore, led to believe that geological time has been enormously in excess of the limits urged by certain physicists; that it has been ample to allow for all the changes which, on the hypothesis of evolution, have occurred in the organic world.

Litigation in Leadville.

From the New York Sun.

Few of these suits thus originated are settled in a legal way, for the losing party seldom submits to the verdict of the court, and pistol and rifle shots, followed by some pecuniary compromise, constitute, as a rule, the high court of appeals. One of the judges here told me himself that, in the present condition of affairs, a rifle and pistol settlement is, in many cases, the simplest and shortest. Some of the mines are constantly worked under the protection of an armed force. Messrs. Stevens and Leiter, proprietors of the Iron mine, one of the richest in the carbonate district, keep a strong guard both inside and outside their mine. Shafts having been sunk on their levels by their neighbors, they had recourse to torpedoes, which are placed on all the points where an invasion of their underground possessions is anticipated. The Highland Chief mine, the other day, was the scene of a lively battle between the contending parties of Milner and Foss. Some twenty-five men, armed to the teeth, invaded the mine at night; while some of them were firing at the men working in the shaft, others went to the lodging tent, awoke the sleeping miners, put pistols to their heads and marched them out of the property. After this they proceeded to destroy the tents and provisions of the former occupants.

The Mud Cure.

An old campaigner writes as follows:

A letter to the *Sun* of this morning, entitled "Cured by Damp Earth," reminds me of an occurrence which came under my observation during my campaigning days many years ago in old Texas. We were encamped on the north fork of the Rio Concho, when a valuable horse belonging to an officer of our regiment was bitten in the leg by a rattlesnake. There were some of the wild northern Comanches in our camp at the time, and one of the sub chiefs said, through an interpreter, that he could cure the animal. By this time the leg was swollen, and the poor horse limped painfully. The Indian led him down to the creek and knee deep into the soft mud, where he kept him for about two hours; then led him out and applied a poultice of the mud to the wound, and returned him to his owner perfectly cured.

The above is the only radical cure of the kind I ever saw performed on man or beast, during a term of nine years in that land of snake, tarantulas, scorpions and centipedes.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A Lowell turfman won a wager by driving his horse forty-two miles in six hours, but lost his horse, which died immediately after the accomplishment of the feat.

The total number of Chinese in New South Wales at the end of last year was 9,616. Few are women, but 352 European women were living with Chinamen, of whom 181 were married.

A little boy picked up what he thought was a pretty pebble while playing on the bank of the Little Miami river at Waynesville, Ohio. It turned out to be a pearl and sold for $350.

As long as the Chinamen in Queensland were content to work in the garden and catch fish, the Queenslander smiled on him, but when he showed a tendency to gather gold, it was quite another affair, and prohibitory legislation became the order of the day. No vessel may carry to a Queensland port more than one Chinese passenger for every ten tons of registry.

Not even the face of Maud Branscombe, the pretty actress, who has been photographed in hundreds of different postures, and whose portraits constitute an important part of the stock in nearly every picture store, is realy so well-known to the American public as that of Anna W. Williams of Philadelphia; yet Miss Williams is a modest, retiring teacher in a public school. It is her face that is stamped on the silver dollar, she having sat for the artist who designed the Goddess of Liberty's head for that coin.

Oliver Bedfish of Syracuse, aged 84, decided to marry for the third time, but he went about it deliberately. Remembering that a certain girl in his old Massachusetts home was very pretty fifty year ago, and being informed that she had lately become a widow, he made her a matrimonial proposal by mail, a condition being that she should still seem comely in his sight. He offered to pay her fare to Syracuse, and, if he did not like her looks to send her back again. She made the journey; he was pleased with her, and they were married.

FAMINE IN CHINA.

Cannibalism Among the Starving Chinese—Men Killing Their Own Children for Food.

From the New York Sun.

Russian merchants recently returned from the interior of China to St. Petersburg have furnished terrible details respecting the famine which has for some time past prevailed throughout certain provinces of the Celestial Empire. They depose to having seen people die in the streets of many towns and villages from sheer starvation, and state not only that anthropophagy is practised upon the bodies of the dead, but that famished men attack the living, and prey upon them with ferocity. One of them alleges that he was present at the examination of a mendicant who had been arrested for some petty theft, and in whose professional wallet the mangled remains of an infant were discovered. This man confessed to the magistrate that for some time previous to his seizure he had lived exclusively upon the fresh flesh of human beings, as he could not surmount his antipathy to that of dead bodies. Another appalling case which came under the notice of a Russian merchant was that of a young man who had pursuaded his father to assist him in murdering and subsequently eating a girl to whom he was betrothed. Men have been executed for killing and eating their own children, and sons have slain their fathers in order to appease the pangs of hunger. In some of the northern districts whole villages stand empty, their inhabitants having one and all perished for want of food.

Scarcity of Fingers.

Exchange.

"Up in Washington Territory, around the saw mills, about half the men you meet have some of their fingers gone," commenced the man who had just ordered the beer, when he was interrupted by the invited party, who remarked that "in the Michigan lumber country a man was not considered respectable until after he had lost a leg or an arm." "But the worst place of all," continued the speaker, "was Port Madison, opposite Seattle, where they have 400 men employed. In sawing lumber, the head sawyer has to put up his fingers to let the men on the carriage know whether to turn the screws for one-inch, two-inch, three-inch or four-inch boards. Well, sir, when I was there they didn't have a man in the mill with fingers enough to saw a four-inch board." The silence was broken only by the gurgling sound made by the beer in its descent.

Married to a White Woman.

From the Sacramento Bee.

By yesterday's immigrant train from the East there arrived a Chinaman, en route to San Francisco from Cincinnati, who had with him a comely looking white woman 23 or 24 years of age, to whom he has been married for five years. The husband seemed very proud of his wife and paid great attention to her every want. He was attired in American garb, had his cue cut off and spoke excellent English. As the two walked up and down the platform arm in arm, they attracted much attention.

XXX

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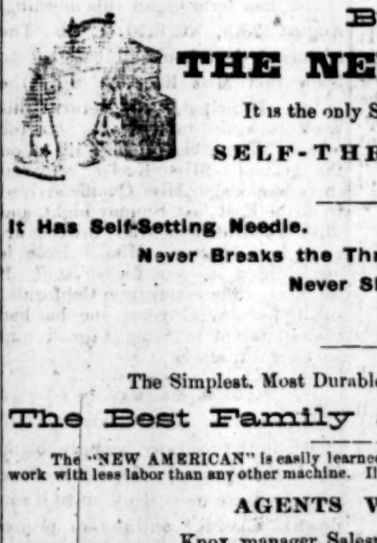

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